

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. VII. *New Series.*

MAY 1857.

PART XLI.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

Who does not feel at times how pleasant it would be to be seized with a fit of violent, self-complacent, comfortable, political partisanship? How easy it would be to write on political matters at any juncture, if one could indulge for a time in the brilliant stupidity and profound emptiness of the *Morning Herald*! How delightful, like the philosophic *Spectator*, to sit in one's arm-chair, looking down on all things, divine and human, and utter sentences of solemn instruction to a small knot of readers willing to pay a high price for one's weekly wisdom! Above all, how deliciously easy to conduct a periodical on the system, and with the purse, of the *Times*! How gently must the world go with people to whom principle is a thing unknown; who are as oblivious of their own past words as of their cast-off clothing, and who "survey mankind from China to Peru" with the one sole object of discovering subjects for a daily "article"!

What a curious state of feeling, indeed, must be that of a man who enters society, reads books, and hears of actions, with the never-ceasing hope of finding something or somebody to show-up in the next day's newspaper! Imagine a man's mind whose one idea is, "Whom shall we smash next?" Only conceive our own Catholic affairs handled in the style in which the affairs of the nation, political, civil, and ecclesiastical, are handled by the *Times* newspaper! No wonder, then, that a journal conducted on this system of smashing every body, and every thing that is smashable, has attained a sale far more than commensurate with its actual influence. How many thousands of people read the *Times* solely for the sake of its skill in scarifying! What if it is our turn to-day? to-morrow it will be our neighbour's. If this morning's

journal mauls a Catholic prelate or layman, ten to one that in a day or two some Anglican bishop, or some fierce Orangeman, will be scourged with an equally merciless good-will. No wonder, then, that every body reads this wicked and clever newspaper; and while he congratulates himself that his own conscience would not suffer him to perpetrate such libels, chuckles over the whippings which he sees administered so cordially, whenever it is some one not on his own side who is fastened to the flogging-block.

Just now, with a new Parliament assembling, and with such alterations continually going on in the position of Catholics in their own country, we cannot help indulging in these thoughts, when we reflect that our own readers are like readers in general, and are grievously dissatisfied if we put them off with any thing bearing the remotest likeness to a milk-and-water diet. It is, indeed, one of the various oddities of us English Catholics, that while we expect our public writers to observe all the laws of decency towards individuals, and to pay a rigorous respect to constituted authorities, lest they compromise things sacred and out of their province, we at the same time cry out lustily against any thing like dullness or flatness in our own periodicals. We ourselves plead guilty to a full share in these exacting demands. We do not find Catholic dullness, or Catholic platitudes, one whit more entertaining than Protestant dullness or Protestant platitudes. We like to come across writers who have something to say that is distinct, original, vigorous, and entertaining. We are bored to death at meeting over and over again with the same old story, half earnest, half sham. We are prodigiously offended at what we consider personalities or scurrility; and have, like most people, small consideration for any want of judgment in handling Catholic matters (unless we ourselves happen to be the blunderers); but still we feel it an unpardonable offence in a speaker or writer if he merely utters in public, or puts in print, remarks not a jot more lively or informing than the daily talk of the breakfast-table or drawing-room.

Moreover, there is a certain peculiarity in the condition of Catholics in this country which tends to make us especially exacting as regards spirit and decision in our periodical writers. Every body who knows any thing of English Catholic society is aware that it is extraordinarily free-spoken in its expression, both of general sentiments and of its opinions as to individuals. We are not finding any fault with the peculiarity. Indeed, taken altogether, and judged fairly and with a due allowance for circumstances, we think that this very

free-speaking displays certain characteristics which indicate a respect for the law of God as regards charity towards our neighbour, which could not be found to the same extent in any Protestant society whatsoever. The fact is, however, that being a small body, and consequently thrown very much together, so that almost every body more or less knows something of every body, and being further bound together by a community of religious interests, even when we have no other common ties, we are naturally led to discuss each other's conduct, character, and opinions with considerable warmth, and at times with no little severity. We cannot help this. We feel an interest in the proceedings of our fellow-Catholics which forbids us to treat their conduct with the same disregard as that which the adherents of one political or one Protestant sect feel for the proceedings of other sects, political or religious. The very nature of the age, too, strengthens these tendencies to searching criticism. All now is changing. Nothing goes on by the mere force of routine. Every body is looking at us; every body is expecting something from us. We know, too, that the world identifies the conduct of the whole Catholic body with that of individuals in a most perverse and absurd degree; and consequently, when a brother Catholic does an unwise thing, we feel as if we ourselves should have to pay a portion of the penalty.

Accordingly, the extent to which the conduct of every Catholic, of any note whatsoever, is canvassed in private circles, and the entire freedom with which he is judged, would be scarcely believed by persons who know nothing of us by actual experience. And one result is, that the Catholic palate is spoiled for any thing that has not a very decided flavour. It is so stimulated with the pepper and mustard of daily talk, that an ordinary dish of mere judicious and sensible remarks produces about the same expressions of dissatisfaction that would burst from the lips of a hungry man set down to solace himself with a basin of water-gruel. We repeat, that we are finding no fault with these habits of Catholic society; on the contrary, we believe, that whatever our faults, we show to any but the superficial observer the most unmistakable signs of being under the control of a dominant practical conscience. We are only calling attention to the fact, as suggested to us by the inability which we ourselves feel to enter with any very vehement interest into the proceedings of any of the political parties now gathering for fresh trials of strength in the new Parliament.

After all, however, probably most of our readers share this want of interest with us. Few Catholics find themselves

able to get up any very tremendous enthusiasm about any of our political leaders, or any probable political measures. Here and there we see certain spasmodic attempts at galvanising Catholics into a tremendous state of excitement on some point or other; perhaps of no real interest at all to them as Catholics. People whose trade is politics, whether written or spoken, are under a fatal necessity of keeping up the steam by some means or other, which at times drives them to sore straits. Accordingly, were we to believe men of this class, the destinies of Catholicism, and especially of Catholic Ireland, are undergoing a sort of chronic crisis. Traitors are always going to do something horribly wicked; and patriots to commit something as horribly virtuous and self-sacrificing. Nevertheless the world wags on, people buy and sell, eat their dinners and marry, hear Mass and go to Confession,—or do not,—as hitherto, just as calmly as if the universe was not on the verge of a final crash. We won't be excited; we can't be excited. We have lost faith in the professions of patriots and politicians; we cannot perceive that all but a certain class are scoundrels or dupes. We find that men are of a much more mixed character than we had been wont to think them. The bad are better, and the good are worse, than we have supposed. On the whole, we sigh for a little quiet, and find it a great bore to be worked up to a perpetual frenzy. We look on at the coming squabbles of the ins and outs in Parliament with a benevolent indifference; and if we have any deep regrets, it is that as a body we Catholics present so very "shady" an appearance (to use an expressive piece of slang) in the assemblies of our legislators.

And this sensation of comparative indifference is not altered when we look at the matters of detail which are likely to come before Parliament in the present session. Never was there a general election when the votes turned so decidedly on personal feelings, and on a point of only temporary interest, to the utter exclusion of questions of larger political import. There has been a certain amount of talk about triennial parliaments, the ballot, an extension of the suffrage, administrative reform, Maynooth, Sunday bands, and sundry smaller matters; but it is plain that nobody cared much for any of these things; nobody felt that there could be any thing like party-fighting about them, or that there was either the smallest chance of the Liberals advancing in the democratic line, or of the Tories retrograding in the aristocratic line. We are come to a stand-still, and very glad we all are of it. We are dead tired with politics, war, and tax-paying.

We want to be quiet, and get rid of the income-tax, and see how things will turn up abroad; to let by-gones be by-gones; and allow that prince of impudent successful charlatans, Palmerston, to have his own way, and keep things quiet while we enjoy ourselves. Mr. Disraeli says that Lord Palmerston is the Tory head of a Radical cabinet, with no domestic policy, and on this account would have people distrust him. Why this is precisely why the nation prefers him either to Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, or Mr. Gladstone. Such a premier is the very man the nation wants. The Tories don't hate him, because they know he is a Tory; the Whigs and Radicals uphold him, because he says he is a Liberal; and as for a domestic policy, we want none of it. The only domestic policy we want just now is, we take it, improved sewerage, cheap guano, no income-tax, and no more boring about Maynooth.

As to China, every body feels that the late violent outburst of indignation against Sir John Bowring, and of pity of the miserable Chinese, is all a sham. If any of the Opposition were in earnest about the matter, the secret of their earnestness was simply this, that it is a terrible nuisance to have to pay for another war, even a smallish one. If we could have bombarded Canton and taken the consequences at the cost of a few hundred pounds, our British sympathy would all have been with that old piece of stage-property, the flag that braves the battle and the breeze, without which British oratory would be often so painfully at a non-plus. Sir John Bowring may be a most unfit man to deal with such people as the Chinamen. Why so? Because men who know thirty languages are not generally fit for much else? Or because he is what they call a particularly amiable and benevolent person, and *therefore* just the man to do the most outrageous and cruel things when tempted to it? On the whole, we suppose, a man who speaks thirty languages, and is famed for his benevolence, is precisely the person to get people into terrible difficulties. We all know the old proverb about a beggar on horseback. Men have a great faith in proverbs; they are pretty nearly the only things worth trusting in this shallow, tricky, changing world. And there are few proverbs more true than that which implies that a person taken out of his own proper line, and intrusted with power, will play pranks such as make the hair of ordinary people's heads stand on end. And, moreover, when a man does take to a course of action not in harmony with his usual temperament of feeling, he almost invariably out-herods Herod in running to the opposite extreme. There is

no rashness like that of your deliberately cautious man. No people say such rude things as the ostentatiously polite. The violence of the calm and moderate throws that of the energetic and determined wholly into the shade. No tortures are so horrible as those inflicted by women, when they violate the natural tenderness of their hearts. We could believe any thing in the way of cruelty from an amiable linguist, only we should like to see the proof. The humbug of the proceedings against him in the late Parliament lay in this, that if his censurers had been in office, they would have done just what Lord Palmerston did; and that undoubtedly Lord Palmerston's indignation would have been just as loud and just as virtuous as was Lord Derby's and Mr. Cobden's. As to any practical differences between Whigs and Tories in carrying on the war when once begun, it was out of the question; such a thing was hardly hinted at on the hustings at the election. We understand that the Chinese are rogues to the backbone; we know that we want to trade with them; and the conclusion follows, that they must be *taught* civility and the principles of political economy in the same way that naughty boys are taught Latin and good behaviour, namely, by being well whipped.

The mention of Sir John Bowring recalls one of the new topics of political talk now lately become fashionable, that of "Administrative Reform." Of all the absurd abstractions ever got up as a convenient cry, this about "Administrative Reform" is one of the most hopelessly unmeaning. Here we have societies got up, speeches made, pamphlets circulated, and the newspaper-press at one time on the very point of throwing itself into the "movement;" and all for a phrase, an abstraction, an idea. It is the most indefinite of visions that ever deluded a sensible nation. Or if it is something definite, it is also something far worse. If it means any thing, it means that the general management of the affairs of the country should be taken out of the hands of the present aristocratic and gentlemanly holders, and put into the hands of the mercantile and trading classes.

Now we have no taste for any thing in the shape of an oligarchy, nor for any thing like the exclusive tyranny of caste; but we do say, Defend us from having our national affairs managed exclusively by the trading and middle classes of England. This would indeed be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The fallacy on which the demand is based is, indeed, so transparent, that we wonder that any man of sense could be deceived by it. Because a man manages a bank, or a counting-house, or a shop well, *therefore* he will

make a good statesman ; nay, more than that, a better statesman than a man who has had leisure for political studies all his life, if he has liked them. What simplicity is this ! Look, too, at the brilliant specimens we have lately seen of the wisdom, the probity, and the knowledge of these same banking and speculating classes in their own special affairs. With rascality after rascality staring us in the face, in banking-houses, trading companies, railway management, and mercantile concerns, what a charming innocence is that which would intrust a nation's destinies to any forward, pushing, showy orator who might gain a reputation among a knot of London citizens by the mere force of success in money-getting ! Besides, it is a grievous mistake to conclude that because a man manages his own affairs well, he will therefore manage those of others equally to their advantage. Experience shows that success in home-management is no guarantee for equal success in public affairs ; and on the other hand, that many a man can play, not only a distinguished, but a useful part as a statesman or a local magnate, whose private concerns are in lamentable disorder, from sheer want of capacity on his part for conducting them.

As to the relative qualifications of different classes of society for administering the affairs of a nation, we take it that the gentry and aristocracy will do the work better, on the whole, than any other class, though it would be *most* unwise to permit them to have a monopoly of these duties. We had much rather be governed by a duke than by a tailor. In the first place, a duke is generally a gentleman ; while tailors, though highly-respectable persons, and doubtless sometimes gentlemen, are not always so. In the second place, men of high rank and independent fortune possess the means for acquainting themselves with the work of legislature and statesmanship, which is usually out of the question with men who, whatever their other qualifications, have to work for their bread. Nor, taking them as a class, can it be denied that the aristocracy and gentry of this country are as ready to avail themselves of the advantages which their circumstances place within their reach as any other class in the community. As a body, they are undoubtedly the most accomplished set of men in the kingdom, taken numerically. We are not now praising them for this ; or forgetting that they *ought* to be the first, taking number for number. We are only calling attention to the fact, that since the passing of the Reform Bill the British aristocracy has thrown itself into its new situation with singular energy and straightforwardness, and with equal success ; so that they are now undoubtedly the finest peerage and gen-

try in the world. In the third place, there is no honesty like that which is possessed of ten thousand a-year. A needy patriot is a synonym for a humbug. The temptations which place presents to the spirit of jobbery and tergiversation are such that it is much the safest plan to trust our affairs to persons who are not pressed by poverty or small means, and who, moreover, are under the influence of that sense of honour which is certainly a more powerful sentiment with a gentleman than with those of a lower grade. We hold that it is a great gain to a nation when her richest and noblest citizens are willing, for whatever cause, to take an active part in her government. An earl with twenty or thirty thousand a-year is less likely to be influenced by the dirty and low infirmities to which human nature is so subject, than an adventurer who must live on his country's wages. Depend upon it, too, there is something in the old saying, *Noblesse oblige*; especially in a free country like England. It is otherwise in a pure democracy, or in a despotism: in both of these the sentiment of personal honour stands at a low point. In this country, on the contrary, especially with a free and bitterly disposed press ready to criticise every body's words and actions, every thing tends to keep up the standard of personal character as high as can be attained from mere secular motives. It may be said, that is low enough. Perhaps it may be; nevertheless it goes for a good deal in the conduct of human affairs; and there is no class in the community on whom it tells with so much practical force as upon those who are entitled, either by birth or personal merit, to rank as gentlemen. On the whole, then, while we rejoice to see the highest places in the government of the country open to men of every rank, and recognise in the absence of strongly marked barriers between class and class the best guarantee for the personal eminence of the highest caste, we look upon these new schemes for patenting processes by which the right man may always get into the right place as mere visionary speculations, which have either no practical character at all, or else a very bad one.

While we are on this topic, however, we cannot altogether pass over another of the phenomena of the political hemisphere which rests upon an ignorance of human nature, much akin to that which lies at the root of the "administrative-reform" speculators. We allude to that whimsical theory which is advocated, either seriously or as a make-believe, by a section of Irish politicians calling themselves an "independent opposition." To those who remember of what stuff the representatives of Irish constituencies are usually made, there is something amusing in the very idea of seriously dis-

cussing the professions of these gentlemen. So far as their theory is an intelligible one, however, it seems to amount to this, that they will vote against any government which will not grant two or three measures, one of which refers to a theoretical Catholic grievance, while another is a purely local and economical question. Of course, they add that they will not take office under any administration which will not grant these measures. How this knot of politicians intend that the affairs of the nation are to be carried on upon their system of tactics, they do not vouchsafe to specify in detail. At present they profess to oppose Lord Palmerston's government, and voted against him with the simple view of putting him into a minority; and, to be consistent, they must vote against Lord Derby, were he in office, solely to turn him out; for they have no more chance of extracting their programme from the Tories than from the Liberals. In fact, the whole scheme is an unreal absurdity. The condition of parties in the empire makes the votes of any such body of compacted members of no real moment whatever to any possible government. They can merely play the part of obstructives, and create a general feeling of irritation against themselves, without the shadow of a hope of any solid benefit to any single class of the community.

As to the pledge of not taking office under any administration, it makes one smile to hear the gravity with which it is professed on the hustings and in newspapers. It may serve to entrap a certain number of honest-minded simple Irish electors; and no doubt, to a certain extent, it pays in the market in other ways. But as to believing that these gentlemen would really refuse a *good* place were it offered them, except on the idea that they could get something *better* by refusing it, will any man who knows parliamentary nature believe it for a moment? A band of members united by a solemn tie to the effect that they will not take what they can get! There is something quite refreshing in the thought;—Irish members, too, of all men on earth! Why, we all know what it means, especially when we happen to be aware of what has been all along, and still is, going on under the rose. It only serves to remind us of a saying imputed to Lord Palmerston at the elections five years ago, when the Derbyites were said to be spending large sums to secure members pledged to their party for Irish constituencies. "How very foolish!" exclaimed Lord Palmerston; "it would be much cheaper to buy the members themselves when elected."

As Catholics, too, we cannot help lamenting these proceedings, because they tend to keep up the ill odour in which,

as a body, and with whatever happy exceptions, the representatives of Catholic interests find themselves with the nation generally. It is a great misfortune to us to be defended by a set of men who are usually regarded as the most venal of political adventurers. It helps to foster the common notion, that a large amount of humbug and trickery enters into all our proceedings; that our standard of morals and honour is very low; and that we are intellectually an inferior class of people, unworthy of an equal place in the community with our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We grieve accordingly to see this false idea bolstered up by loud professions of independence which nobody believes. It compromises the real interests of the Catholic poor when they are advocated by men of this stamp. We heard the other day of an elector who was offered thirty shillings for his vote. "No!" said he, with the indignation of outraged purity, "if I vote for Mr. —, it will be against my political principles; and therefore I cannot do it for less than two guineas!" Just such are these whimsical oppositionists; they write upon their goods, like some foreign shopkeepers, *Prix fixé*; and that means that they ask five-and-twenty per cent more than any body else. Well, they will some of them succeed; those who are worth buying will one by one drop into the feather-bed of office. Every government has abundance of good things to offer as time goes on. What with commissionerships, secretaryships, judgeships, inspectorships of schools, and all the other innumerable host of "places," it will be hard indeed if all this terribly fine writing and talking goes without its reward. In the mean time, we only wish that these advertisers would disavow all connection with specially Catholic affairs; though this would be a piece of good luck which we cannot venture to anticipate. Unfortunately, the advocacy of Catholic interests is sometimes a convenient stepping-stone to a very pleasant berth; and so long as it is so, we have little expectation that it will not have its prominent place in the professions of those men who look upon pledges in the same light that glaziers look upon windows, namely, as things to be broken.

But "What about Maynooth?"—to repeat the question which has recently been shouted from the hoarse voices of stout Protestant electors to many a would-be member shivering on the hustings, and wishing that elections never could take place in the windy month of March. Will the grant be rescinded, or will it stand? And is it, on the whole, desirable for the interests of Catholicism that it should stand or not? In looking forward to the political future, we cannot help asking ourselves all these questions.

That the Maynooth grant will be withdrawn, is, we think, in the highest degree improbable, so long as the intelligent statesmanship of the country, whether Whig or Tory, governs the decisions of Parliament. It is absurd to suppose that the average run of educated men entertain any theological prepossessions against the Catholic Church of such a kind as to make them hesitate on conscientious grounds to pay a seminary for the education of priests. They may laugh at our practices, disagree with our doctrines, and dislike our clergy; but they feel that all this is a matter of taste, and that it would be childish to make it a *reason* for disendowing Maynooth, apart from other considerations. The only thing which might sway the minds of some statesmen would be an increase in their belief in the tendencies of Catholicism to interfere with the habits and ideas of English society, and the character of the English constitution. We confess that we look with some alarm at the effect produced on the minds of many of the more rational part of English society by the reports which, whether true or not, reach this country respecting the acts of certain of the Austrian clergy and others of similar opinions elsewhere. That the Austrian Concordat is an extraordinary improvement on the old state of things is most true, and not for a moment would we seem to cast the faintest blame upon it. But knowing, as we do, the intense jealousy of dictation and interference which animates the whole mind of this empire, we dread the results if the old notions about sacerdotal and episcopal tyranny, and worse, now happily passing away, should once get a fresh footing in the minds of the British aristocracy and gentry. Our readers will understand that we are not finding fault with any thing that has really been done by ecclesiastical authorities abroad. These things, to be fairly judged, must be understood in all their circumstances, and it would be folly to pronounce on them on any partial knowledge. We merely point to certain indications in the politico-ecclesiastical horizon, which show that a storm *may* be excited in this kingdom against us by causes with which we have nothing to do, and in comparison with which the hubbub which ended in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would be a soft and refreshing breeze. Angry as people were at the establishment of the hierarchy, and especially at the phraseology in which it was announced in Cardinal Wiseman's pastoral, every man of sense felt that the quarrel was all about mere words, and that as it began with nominal assumptions, so it should reasonably end with nominal penalties.

But we may rest assured that the consequences would be far different if the legislative bodies of this country, and the

better ranks of society, were once impressed with the idea, however groundless, that the increase of Catholicism would certainly lead to a practical interference with the liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of action, which characterise this country beyond any other country in the world. The intense embitterment of feeling which has animated Dr. Whately ever since his book on Logic was put upon the Index is an illustration of the change we should witness were the ruling powers of England once persuaded that there was any truth in the vulgar notions about priestcraft and the despotism of the confessional. It would be vain to point to our own bishops and clergy, and our own proceedings at home, as proofs of the falsehood of the charges. The national mind of England is slow to be moved to passion, but when once roused, its fury would be as irresistible as it would be unreasoning.

Should, then, any such change take place as we are speaking of, even in a small degree, Maynooth would instantly be sacrificed by the unanimous vote of all political parties. Whether it will stand, as things now are, we ourselves can form no opinion. There is so much apparent chance in such matters, and the risings and fallings in the barometer of religious fanaticism are so sudden, that no eye can forecast them. All depends on the pressure from without. As Exeter Hall gains the ascendant, the prospects of Maynooth darken. As it loses its sway, the sun shines again on the Popish college. One thing is clear, there are no very deep feelings in the nation at large on the subject. The elections have thrown out some of the fiercest defenders of Protestantism pure and undefiled; and the foremost assailants of the college, Chambers, Pellatt, Hastie, and others of the same kidney, have been sent about their business; while there is perhaps scarcely a case in which the election has turned on the extreme anti-popery question. And where the anti-Maynooth gentry have put forward their bigotry as a title to votes, it has been for the most part in a few mild and brief phrases, as if they knew that the urgent interests of the day were quite of another complexion.

The opponents of the grant are, it is true, assisted to a slight extent by the opinions of some Catholics, who either care nothing for its continuance, or actually wish to see it annulled. Such opinions are grounded usually on one of the two following ideas: that we should get a better college if Maynooth were free from Government connection, and that the abolition of the grant would practically lead to the abolition of the Irish Church-establishment.

From both of these views we entirely dissent. How any man who knows the condition of Catholic affairs in Ireland can imagine that the destruction of Maynooth would lead to the erection of a better seminary, is to us inexplicable. Here are actually about six hundred young ecclesiastics to be housed, clothed, fed, and educated. Where, let us ask, is the money to come from? With all the increasing calls there are for the contributions of the faithful for other purposes, how would it be possible to raise *annually* the immense sum needed for such a work? Is it within the bounds of possibility that any thing like the necessary funds could be raised without a most lamentable injury to various other institutions which have an equally strong claim on the purses of good Catholics? Remember, that every year the number of other claims goes on increasing, and will increase; and that the tendency to give on the part of the nation does not increase in the like proportion. What a suicidal rashness, therefore, to throw away your good and solid beef and pudding because its cookery is not quite faultless, when you see that you will be starved on half-rations of bread and cheese in consequence!

Then as to the professors: where will you get better ones in Ireland, take them altogether? The question is not, whether every individual professor takes your view in politics, or is up to the highest ideal standard of Catholic professorship; nor, whether the college is not susceptible of important reforms, as the professors themselves have been foremost to testify: but, will you get others more capable of doing the work? If you think so, where are they? Who are they? What have they done which justifies the opinion that they will do what the Maynooth professors have not done and will not do?

Again, who are to be the heads of the new seminary or seminaries that are to take the place of Maynooth? Let every bishop have his own, we are told. A very pretty theory on paper; but about as practical a reply as would be the advice to every bishop to have a cathedral like York Minster or Westminster Abbey. Where are the funds, and where the model superiors, for a whole host of diocesan seminaries to receive the banished youths of Maynooth? Exactly where the funds are for building a York Minster or a Westminster Abbey in every diocese in England and Ireland.

Then let the bishops unite to form one or more larger seminaries. As unpracticable a suggestion as the other. "*Let them unite:*" how easy to say this, but how vain to expect such a thing! It is rather unpleasant to con-

fess it; but the fact is so notorious, that it is useless to be squeamish in alluding to it. The fact is, that the clergy and laity of Ireland happen to exercise their privilege of disagreeing in what is not of faith to a most wonderful extent. Lookers-on and critics may lament this; but so it is. We cannot alter it. Each bishop, each priest, each layman, has as good a right to his views on such matters as we excellent speculators have to ours; and it is certain that any man who should try to force them into agreement would rue the day when he undertook the task. What they would do were the Pope himself to interfere, is another question. But were any man, less than the Holy Father, to undertake the work of getting Catholic Ireland to agree in the erection and carrying on of a substitute for Maynooth, all he would get would be a succession of violent raps on the knuckles for his pains.

The other view we have referred to, which holds that the disendowment of Maynooth would lead, logically and really, to the destruction of the Irish establishment, is just about as visionary as this one touching a new and better seminary in its place. What do such dreamers imagine that legislators are made of? Who, on earth, cares for logical consistency when his own pocket is concerned? No doubt, a certain section of Dissenters, who are against all endowments under all circumstances, cry out with one voice against Maynooth and the Protestant establishment; but these are an uninfluential fragment whom nobody cares for outside their own sect, and they have very few supporters among men of other classes. The Protestant Church-establishment, it cannot be too often repeated, means exactly this, that an annual income, with glebes and parsonages, is secured to many thousands of the families of the upper and professional classes of Protestants; and that the appointments to these livings rest with the near connections and relations of the persons who are to hold them. The establishment is not an establishment of doctrines half as much as it is an establishment of rectories, vicarages, and tithe rent-charges. The doctrines are merely tacked on to the revenues; just *per contra* to what it was in Catholic times, when the incomes were tacked on to the doctrines. And as for supposing that for the sake of consistency, or from abstract ideas of fitness and justice, the holders of these good things would give them up because the Maynooth grant was abolished, why you might as reasonably expect to see Dr. Whately taking to support himself by catching herrings on the coast of Galway, because St. Paul was a sail-maker and St. Peter a fisherman.

Of other semi-political matters which have a peculiar interest for Catholics, and in which we have a right to demand reform, the principal are, the supply of ample religious privileges to our Catholic soldiers and sailors, and to the inmates of workhouses and hospitals. As things now stand, we suspect by far the best method usually is, for the clergy, and any gentlemen who may happen to be personally able to forward their views, to make definite and civilly-expressed applications in every individual case in which they can practically serve the cause of the poor. It is surprising how often this obvious and straightforward plan will succeed, when the noisy or political treatment of a hardship tends only to aggravate its pressure. It is perfectly useless for us to raise a disturbance on the general question. We must meet our difficulties, not only in detail, but with definite and ready means in our hands for doing our part in the work the moment we are allowed to do it. Nor will it do to be discouraged by one or two failures. Good-temper, a polite bearing, and steady persistence, will win over many an opponent who at first was vehemently prejudiced against us. The most difficult people to deal with are the Protestant shop-keeperate of the towns, and the calf-headed yeomanry of the country; those particular classes among whom Dissent has its strongest hold. With officers in the army, or with gentlemen of any kind, the Catholic priest has usually an easier task. But whatever be the circumstances of the case, we believe there is many and many a grievance which will yield to patient perseverance in private, which it would be worse than useless to agitate upon in the House of Commons.

With these general views, we contemplate the probabilities of the new session with a tolerably philosophic equanimity, in which we suspect we are kept in countenance by most persons whose special trade or vocation is not purely political. Catholics, in particular, naturally cannot get up a very tremendous enthusiasm for any party on any subject likely soon to come before Parliament; and if our members acquit themselves of their duties with becoming sobriety and modesty, and a very moderate amount of speech-making, we shall all be extremely well satisfied.

THE CONTROVERSY ON THE POOR-SCHOOL GRANT.

DEAR SIR,—The application of several years to the consideration, practical and theoretical, of one particular class of subjects, may justify the expression of deliberate opinion, even on the part of a person whose only claim to a hearing rests upon the cogency of his remarks. Without further apology, then, I avow my conviction, that sound policy demands of the British Catholic body generally that the promoters of schools for poor children shall henceforward avail themselves of Government aid in the erection and improvement of school-premises. If this opinion should appear at variance with the Notes of the Bishop of Birmingham, and on that account be judged temerarious, I plead, on the other side, authorities individually not less august and cumulatively preponderating over the view of a single bishop. Dr. Ullathorne, moreover, has made no trial of the dangers which he dreads. Years have now passed since other bishops erected schools with Government aid, and from none of them has the public heard of disastrous consequences. In 1851, Cardinal Wiseman accepted a grant towards the repair of Lincoln's Inn Fields School,—a case to which subsequent reference will be made. In 1852, again, his Eminence took aid for Hammersmith School. In the same year the Bishop of Salford settled the discussions upon the school-deed by accepting 620*l.* for St. Chad's School, Manchester; and in 1855 his lordship confirmed his judgment by taking a grant of 460*l.* for St. Mary's School in the same city. Long before the appointment of Catholic inspectors, Bishop Briggs showed willingness to receive assistance by taking, in 1835, 350*l.* for Surrey Street School in Sheffield; and again, about twenty years later, the venerable Bishop of Beverley took 534*l.* for a new school in the same town. Three noble schools have been erected with the bishop's approval in Liverpool, and the grants to them amount to 2700*l.* The Bishop of Hexham has taken a building-grant for Stella School; the Bishop of Newport, for Cardiff; the Bishop of Shrewsbury, for Birkenhead; a former Bishop of Clifton, for Kemerton. The last case combines the authority of the great Benedictine order with that of Bishop Burgess, just as St. Francis Xavier's Liverpool, St. John's Wigan, and St. Wilfrid's Preston, prove that the Jesuits, not generally deemed deficient in prudence and foresight, are equally ready with the bishops to accept Government aid in building and repairing schools.

I do not know that my array of authorities is exhaustive. It is, I trust, long enough to show that it is open to a layman to take the side which I maintain. And my confidence in this opinion is strengthened by the late pastoral of Bishop Turner, who, having been the first of the bishops to accept the school-deed, is also the first to announce episcopally to his diocese that he desires the general acceptance of Government aid towards the erection of new schools. Perhaps if Bishop Ullathorne had made the same trial, he would have arrived at the same conclusion.

The question, then, is an open one. Building-grants may be taken from the parliamentary fund. Is it politic to take them or not? What are the advantages and disadvantages?

The most obvious advantages are these: (1) pecuniary assistance; (2) freedom from debt; (3) excellence of plan; (4) security of tenure; and (5) freedom of management.

1. It will not, I believe, be denied by any reasonable persons, that additional school-buildings must be counted among our pressing wants. For, without wearying you with figures, it may be confidently affirmed, that the children in our schools, instead of numbering, as they ought to do, one-eighth of the entire Catholic body, number less than one twenty-fourth; or, in other words, that 74,000 Catholic children who ought to attend school do not attend schools, or, at least not Catholic schools. Add that a large proportion of the older schools,—designed by architects who thought but of exteriors, to please managers who entertained no fixed views upon methods of teaching and organisation; or run up by cheap builders upon damp confined back sites, without light, ventilation, or drainage; or thrust down beneath chapels,—requires to be rebuilt: another portion, not inconsiderable, needs enlargement, or new fittings, furniture, and floors. So that large sums of money must sooner or later be expended on school-fabrics. Catholics, from defect whether of ability or will, do not furnish funds for this purpose so freely as to overtake the wants of the population. Practically, our school-building money is limited. Suppose it to be 10,000*l.* per annum; Government grants, if accepted, will double this sum, and enable us to build twenty new schools every year, instead of the ten schools for which alone our own money would suffice. The grant will not ordinarily exceed the rate of six shillings for every square foot of area in the school and class rooms if the plans include a teacher's residence, or four shillings if they do not include such residence; but populous districts, occupied by the poor, may obtain extraordinary grants. The ordinary grant covers one-half the total cost of a new school,

and provides two-thirds of the expense of reflooring and furnishing an old school. Upon the advantage of pecuniary assistance, so large in amount, and so constantly procurable, two opinions cannot be entertained.

2. A kindred advantage arising from acceptance of the parliamentary grant towards new school-buildings is freedom from debt. The Government grant of one-half of the cost will be paid only when the buildings are finished, and one-half of the liabilities has been already discharged. In every case the Government pays the latter half. Should any permanent charge remain upon the site,—an evil which in some cases it is impossible to avoid,—money must be funded at interest sufficient to meet the ground-rent. Thus an aided school starts perfectly free from encumbrance, and it remains so. There is no power any where to raise money upon it. Possibly I exaggerate the value of this advantage; but it seems to me to be very great. The building of a chapel may sometimes prove a good investment of money, and the revenue raised from a large congregation suffice to meet the interest of a debt as well as to provide the necessities of religion; such can never be the case with a school, which sooner or later must sink under the burden of a debt superadded to the items of annual expenditure. Erected, perhaps, with great labour by a zealous priest, and at first conducted with spirit and efficiency, it will year by year act as a drain upon the parish; the priest will be promoted; his successor has less capacity or tact; subscriptions flag; necessity arises for economy; the interest must be paid, and the saving effected in other directions; inferior teachers at lower salaries must be hired; no books, or copies, or slates, or pens or ink can be bought; and then naturally the attendance of children falls off, and the scheme ends in disappointment. It is the debt which has ruined all. The foregoing sketch, applicable in many cases, will never describe any school which has accepted a Government building-grant. Raised for one half of its value, it will be free for ever from the incubus of debt.

3. Such a school-building, too, will assuredly be appropriate and good of its kind. No one can have made himself acquainted with many of our school-premises without finding reason to regret the vagaries or inexperience of their founders. Sometimes the promoters have desired to combine several purposes, and to erect rooms to serve for school and chapel, and concerts and dances, and tea-parties and social and political gatherings of a miscellaneous character. Sometimes the builder has been left to his own devices; sometimes nothing is considered but the street-front. Of the better

class of designs, it is melancholy to watch how one after another repeats the same blunders. The rooms are too square, the windows too low, the roofs imperfectly finished, and the infants' schools too small. Now where Privy-Council building-grants meet a part of the outlay, the school-plans must be examined, and may probably be improved in accordance with the results of a very large experience. It is not merely a building capable of holding children that the Catholic body obtains for half its value, but a *bonâ-fide* school, planned for convenience of instruction, and for no other purposes whatever.

4. The school, too, will be secured for Catholic education as long as the laws of England endure. With a title examined free of cost to the promoters by an eminent counsel, with a trust-deed embracing the management clause, accepted by all the English bishops, and adopted by most of them, and repeatedly examined by lawyers, Catholic and Protestant;—with such a deed, properly executed and legally enrolled in the Court of Chancery, its tenure may be pronounced as secure as that of any property in the world. Trustees while living cannot alienate it, nor upon death bequeath it away, nor by neglect allow it to lapse. The deed, if lost, can be replaced. The property, if unlawfully occupied, can be recovered. Built as a Catholic school, it must ever remain a Catholic school or nothing. It can be converted to no other use. Instances occur of school-property, nominally “in trust,” but legally private, inherited or lost by death of the so-called trustees, or owned by individuals emigrated or vanished, or transferred to the strangest and most improper hands, or passed to Protestants, or sold or converted to other uses. These are schools built without grants, with title and tenure left hap-hazard, as, indeed, in the days of persecution, could not be avoided.

5. But the foregoing advantages would be entirely vain and illusory if they were not accompanied by freedom of management. This freedom, however, is amply secured. Catholics have all to themselves. The Government is no party to the school-deed. It claims not the shadow of power in the appointment of teachers, choice of subjects, selection of books, or arrangement of hours. All is left to Catholics,—the Catholic bishop, Catholic priest, Catholic trustees, Catholic committee. One right the state reserves,—the right of seeing through the eyes of a Catholic inspector that the premises built for schools are used as schools. No one has publicly objected to a claim so manifestly just; and this is all that is required. The one obligation incurred is, that the building shall be employed, if employed at all, for education;

shall be a school. It may be taught by religious or secular teachers; may use Bible-stories or common reading-books; may teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, like inspected schools; or the philosophy of history, as lately proposed by some uninspected nuns; may take or not take annual grants, precisely as the Catholics who manage it think fit. It enjoys perfect freedom from external control.

Such are the advantages, which, as they become known and understood by the clergy, are year by year more highly valued and freely accepted. To the north of the Trent at least, it is now hard to find a bishop who has not, by example or pastoral letters, encouraged and recommended their acceptance.

Before proceeding to the alleged disadvantages, it may be well to dispose of the conditions of tenure and management attaching to grants for repair or enlargement of schools. Where existing schools apply for such grants, if (as is commonly the case with us) the trusts are undeclared and so illegal, and the tenure, taking it at the best, is that of private property, the school has to be conveyed legally to trustees for school-purposes, according to the usual form of school-deed; but if the property be already legally settled for school-purposes, no change of tenure or new deed will be required, and a simple endorsement on the existing deed, providing for inspection, will satisfy the Privy Council. Should the deed contain clauses permitting the trustees to sell the property, and to apply the proceeds to other than school-purposes, or for education beyond the seas, a bond for repayment of the amount granted may be requisite. But, speaking generally, schools legally settled before 1852 may obtain grants for enlargements, new floors, and improved fittings, without any legal formality beyond endorsement upon the existing deed.*

The objections against the acceptance of building-grants, as lately urged, appear divisible into four heads. It is said (1) Government should not promote education; (2) the school-committee is wrong in principle and dangerous in practice; (3) inspection may become injurious; and (4) the independent tenure of school-property is sacrificed.

1. The state, it is urged, is not a schoolmaster, but a sovereign, and in promoting education is occupied unnaturally. An objection so sweeping and comprehensive might, I have no doubt, be disputed at much length by the learned, and the counter proposition maintained, that, as the legitimate end of Government, an end intrinsically good, is the

* I would recommend to the notice of those who wish to see in a compendious form the regulations of the Privy Council, a small volume published by Nelson, of Paternoster Row, called *Abstract of the Minutes of the Education Committee*.

temporal welfare of the subject, so, where, as in England, the interests of the subject undeniably require it, the state is well and naturally occupied in aiding the erection of schools, and in otherwise promoting education. Meantime the fact is plain, that all civilised governments do promote the education of their subjects; that the British Government at length is anxious to do and is doing so; that Catholics are certainly free to take or reject their share of this aid, but they are neither free to refuse the payment of taxes, from which the aid is drawn, nor able to prevent Protestants and others from sharing or monopolising the Government grants.

2. A question of far greater practical difficulty, and one deserving dispassionate consideration, is raised about the school-committee. All must allow that some congregations are situated so unfortunately as to be unable at present to offer six, or four, or two resident laymen. It is a mistake to suppose the number fixed at six, suitable for service as committee-men. But upon proof of such a state of things in any parish desirous of building schools, the difficulty will there be removed by the willingness of the Privy Council to treat such a case as exceptional, and either to accept the names of non-resident laymen, or to admit a management clause leaving entire control to the priests. Such cases will, however, be exceptions, and the general rule certainly requires the appointment of a committee. Now is there any Catholic principle opposed to the nomination by the bishop and priest of such a committee? It is not a lay committee, but a mixed committee of priest and laymen. In this committee the position and rights of chairman are reserved for the priest, who also has sole authority in religious questions. Can a committee to raise funds, and to co-operate generally in supporting a school, be objected to as unsound in principle and opposed to Catholic discipline? A point of such serious importance should be settled by authority; and, with submission to any authoritative settlement hereafter to be made, I confine myself to certain reflections bearing upon it. I find, then, that many, perhaps all, of the older Catholic charities in England are managed by mixed committees,—orphanages, almshouses, benevolent societies, schools. The Catholic Poor-School Committee itself can claim no other designation. I do not see any where a good work supported by the laity, for the benefit of the laity, in the management of which laymen are not permitted to take part. The exclusive principle now put forth, appears to me, with all submission, to be novel; and if novel, then not Catholic. If there be not solid grounds for the objection in principle to committees, the

taking of the objection at all must, I venture to think, be regarded as highly impolitic and imprudent; for it creates a dispute, not between the church and the state, but within the church itself—between clergy and laity; and in assuming that none of the laity—*populus sanctus Dei*—are qualified to assist in the management of schools, it is likely to breed feelings which one cannot think of without pain. If we really deserve such a condemnation from our own ecclesiastical rulers, what wonder that our Protestant countrymen refuse to elect any of us to offices of trust and responsibility? But it is argued, that a school-committee, if not positively inadmissible in principle, will at least prove dangerous in practice. Perhaps so, sometimes. But what constitution would be proposed in its stead? What arrangements which for all time are incapable of abuse? History will be searched for an answer in vain. If absolute safety is unattainable, the plan of a committee cannot be rejected because it involves some risk; otherwise we shall be left wholly without schools, through the impossibility of devising a safe constitution for them. In favour of a committee, it may be observed, that the conduct of a school involves the interests of several parties, viz. the state,—which in the supposed case has half built the school-premises,—the children, their parents, the teachers, the subscribers, and the priest. The priest, as representing the Church, infallible in faith and morals, exercises exclusive control in all matters of religion; in other matters is there special risk of danger if all the interested parties are in some measure represented? The German proverb, quoted in the *Catholic School* years ago, and now freely adopted, “As is the master, so is the school,” may be capped by the maxim, “As is the priest, so is the parish;” and therefore the supposition, that the majority of a school-committee will become lax, nominal, and rationalising, may be dismissed from consideration; more especially as the members of committees will be originally selected by the ecclesiastical authorities for their piety, virtue, and zeal in the cause of the Church. Fears of disputes or litigation about removal of teachers or exclusion of books, apprehensions of dangers from possible lady-visitors, and dread of secret appeals to inspectors, appear quite chimerical; and if on grounds so visionary and intangible we lose every month that passes one new school for two hundred children, which we might have erected with the Government aid, we shall certainly, in a few years, run up a very long score of omissions. How often is it true, that “the fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear!” Then, again, with reference to dangers *ab extra*, the existence of committees, so far from being a source of weakness, would

seem to afford a powerful element of strength. Suppose that in every one of five hundred schools there were associated with the priest six laymen, distinguished for the qualities which make a staunch Catholic; suppose further, that the state attempts an encroachment upon all, or even upon one, of our schools, then the committee-men form at once a compact band of three thousand Catholics, all personally interested, and pledged by their position to defend the school from wrong, ready to petition Parliament, to act upon county or borough members, and to contest in the courts of equity the attempted injustice. With such an array of defenders, our schools would surely be more secure than if the clergy alone had to bear the brunt of the battle with the state. When the danger pressed, it would be too late perhaps to rouse the laity, if now set down as unfaithful and untrustworthy. On the other hand, committees, if appointed, would, as experience persuades me, on all ordinary occasions leave all the details of management to the priest, and only act when specially urged to do so, or when danger of external interference threatened the independence of the schools. But it is said, that committees, coming in under the school-deed, will drive out religious teachers. Were this so, the mischief and loss would be great indeed. But will such be the result? Why should it be so? Where are the reasons? Is it the Privy Council, or the inspectors, or the laity, that wish to exclude religious? In every case notoriously the reverse. And what are the facts? In London, Lincoln's-Inn Fields school, repaired with a Government grant in 1851, and legally under inspection, is taught, and has all along been taught, by Irish Brothers for the boys, and sisters of the Holy Child for girls; Hammer-smith school, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious; Liverpool, St. Anne's, Holy Cross, and St. Francis Xavier, all built with Government grants, are all taught by religious; Cardiff school, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious; St. John's Wigan, and St. Wilfrid's Preston, repaired with Government grants, are taught by religious; St. Chad's Manchester, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious, who, like the Irish Brothers in London, do not as yet take annual grants. Looking beyond primary schools, we see in reformatories and hospitals a recognition on the part of Government of the incomparable excellence of religious in conducting works of mercy; and the more they are tried and known, the more general will become the favourable disposition towards them. Catholic school-committees must be strange bodies indeed if they do not share it.

3. Inspection may be unduly pressed, and grow injurious

Certainly inspectors may make a great many mistakes; but the general principle of inspection cannot be impugned. This principle has not always been comprehended; and it has been imagined that in carrying out the Annual-grant Minutes of 1846 and subsequent years, her Majesty's inspectors are to be guided by the instructions of 1840, issued before Government offered any annual aid to schools. The principle of inspection is this: to every grant from the parliamentary fund conditions are attached; and inspection is limited to the ascertaining in each case whether the particular conditions are fulfilled. Thus the condition coupled with a building-grant is, that the premises shall be used for schools; and the inspector's duties are confined to seeing and reporting that this is so. Again, the condition of a book-grant is, that the books sold to schools for one-third of the booksellers' price shall be used for the school only; and the inspector, if he visited at all a school which had taken only a book-grant, and wanted nothing more, would look specially to this point. But when the whole round of annual grants are claimed for teachers, apprentices, and managers, then indeed the conditions cover the whole school-business (excepting religion in Catholic schools), and the inspector is obliged to make a more minute examination. Thus the dread of a possible extension of inspection really affects the question of annual grants, and not of building-grants, which bind to nothing beyond the use of the building for school-purposes. A school built with a Government grant is as free as any other school to take or leave any or all of the annual grants. But may not Parliament interfere? It may in this country do any thing. From such interference we can have no schools at all which are absolutely safe. We have, however, Catholic representatives in both houses to combat any attempted wrong; and we have, too, what is a greater safeguard perhaps, the national worship of vested interests. Should these fail, our schools may unquestionably be placed in danger; but of all existing Catholic schools, those which may have accepted Government building-grants will possess three grounds of security wanting in most other cases: (1) their tenure will be legal; (2) influential laymen will be concerned in defending them; (3) their trust-deed, which the Court of Chancery will maintain, sets forth expressly that "any departure from the terms on the part of Government shall not oblige the committee of management either to submit to any other inspection, or to refund the money advanced by Government, or any part thereof."

But by taking building-grants, "the independent tenure of our school-property will be sacrificed." What, then, is

meant by "independent tenure"? "Legal tenure," "secure tenure," we all understand; but what constitutes "independence of tenure"? I speak under correction, but I cannot help thinking that schools built with money contributed expressly for schools in a particular place, so far from being independent, are necessarily bound by two stringent obligations; one of justice, and the other of law. But if the law requires that the trusts of school-property should be declared; and if justice requires that school-property should not be alienated without valid cause, and that in any such event the proceeds of sale should be applied to the erection of schools elsewhere, what independence is sacrificed by accepting half the building cost, and with it the approved deed? The conditions of law and justice are thereby fulfilled, and nothing more. One class of schools, indeed, occurs which may be called independent schools, namely, those built by individuals upon their own estates. If the noblemen and gentlemen who own these schools, and others of the same class about to build schools, could be induced to sacrifice "independence of tenure," and by adopting the school-deed, with or without the grant, to put it out of the power of the possessors of their estates to alienate buildings erected by themselves or their ancestors for the religious education of their poor neighbours, I believe that they would confer a solid boon upon Catholicity. But an aided school-building cannot, under the trust-deed, be sold without the sanction of the Home Secretary. Does this provision appear unreasonable? Government makes building-grants upon proof that schools are required in a particular locality; and, upon receiving proof, contributes largely towards schools for that one place. Can it be deemed harsh or unfair if, before permitting the removal of the school elsewhere, it requires proof that the need of schools there has ceased? Would it be prudent to encourage the erection of what may be termed speculative schools? Has the Secretary of State any thing to gain by refusing his sanction, if change of population or other circumstances render the removal desirable? There is no obligation upon the trustees or others to keep open the school. If the Catholic population left a locality, their school must be removed or closed. It cannot be imagined that the Home Secretary would not prefer its removal.

Ten years ago, it was the misery of the English Catholic body that they were without, not schools, so much as teachers. Government has contributed 60,000*l.* chiefly to rear teachers for us. It maintains now, either as apprentices or students in training, about 800 young Catholics of both sexes, upon

whose education as teachers of Catholic schools it is in course of spending 120,000*l.* I am not ashamed to confess my impression that such beneficence deserves gratitude; but, whether or not, I am confident that the action of Government has improved, and is rapidly improving, our position; for it is furnishing us with an abundance of qualified teachers; and with many efficient teachers we shall, whether aided or not, enjoy the advantage of many good schools.

Submitting to the consideration of the Catholic body, and to the correction of authority, remarks which are the result of much thought, I am, &c.

Southport, April 1857.

S. N. S.*

THE RESCUE.

“BUT now,” as the author of *Hudibras* sings, “t’ observe romantic method, let bloody steel awhile be sheathed,” and let us exchange the harsh sounds and sickening pictures of rackings, hangings, and quarterings, for a less painful theme, and refresh ourselves with a scene where for once the rogues were vanquished, and honest men held their own for a time, not peaceably indeed, but by just though illegal resistance and violence.

Towards the close of the year 1607, a divine who, in spite of a scandalous life, had, for his services against Papists here and in Ireland, been raised to some of the highest dignities of the Establishment, and who was at this time Bishop of Bristol and Dean of York, found himself in London, engaged in the usual occupation of great men of those days—flattering the courtiers, in hopes through them of getting something out of the king. John Thornborough,—for that was our prelate’s name,—not being a Scotchman, could not hope to wheedle any thing out of James without offering some equivalent. He therefore concentrated his abilities, which were by no means contemptible, on framing a plan for increasing the revenues from recusants, and with his “brief” danced attendance on Sir Julius Cæsar, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, “on whose favour” this true successor of the apostle who bore the bag had with characteristic foresight “made choice of dependence,” and to whom, when he had failed in several attempts to speak to him, he enclosed his prospectus in a letter, wherein

* The Editor of the *Rambler* reiterates on his own account the protest of his correspondent, that on this question he entirely submits his judgment to the decision of the ecclesiastical authorities.

he hopes that Sir Julius "will be pleased not to forget, when opportunity may best serve, to move his majesty concerning our many recusants in the north, and the great necessity of service there, not only for the more quiet of the country, but also for his majesty's profit."* The brief found favour in the eyes of the council; copies were multiplied, and the king was delighted with the alchemical sagacity which could wring a copious shower of gold from a sponge that was thought to be already squeezed dry. As the document is instructive, we will give a summary of its contents.

(1) His first complaint is, that even when a jury has found a conveyance of recusants' lands to be fraudulent, Mr. Spillar, on a single affidavit, draws a plea, and causes the verdict to be discharged.† Thornborough suggests that all these suits should go through the attorney-general's hands. (2) Several sheriffs neglect making a return of forfeitures, and restore the recusants' goods. (3) The king receives not one for every five, or rather ten, thousand pounds due to him on this account; hereby the recusants grow rich and strong, maintain many of their own faction, and purchase land daily. Middleton buys every year about seven or eight hundred pounds worth. He proposes as a remedy, a writ of *melius inquirendum*, and a higher rate of fines. (4) Some recusants rent a part of their own forfeited lands, and under cover of the part hold much more. (5) When the king makes over a number of recusants to any grantee, they give this man money to pretend that he can get nothing out of them; whereupon they escape easily, and the king makes a further grant to his favourite. (6) The practice of letting their own lands to recusants is fraught with evil; these leases should only be given to well-affected persons. (7) Recusants wander at will without their confines,‡ are married by popish priests, educate their children like themselves, and have all or most of their servants Catholic. The justices and commissioners should be instructed to prevent these horrible crimes. (8) Two years since there fell away only in Yorkshire eight hundred at once, as appeared by presentment to the justices there, and from that time till now they have daily fallen from us; only the execution of this commission§ hath lately brought back to the church almost one hundred. They who continue disobedient compound for little, are not called in

* British Museum, Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 242, Nov. 2, 1607.

† Lansdowne, 153, fol. 299.

‡ They were confined to a distance of five miles from their houses.

§ This copy of the document is dated Feb. 1, 1608; and the commission referred to is the one that was appointed in consequence of the presentation of the first edition of the "brief."

question for their misdemeanors, and make their neighbours believe that we dare not proceed against them; that we live under a doubtful and fearful policy, and that the penal laws are unlawful, and but scarecrows for the meaner and more ignorant sort; so that both rich and poor openly exclaim against persecution and cruelty to Catholics when due and lawful proceedings are taken against them. The remedy proposed is, that all connivance shall cease, and that the commissioners shall take care to keep the recusants in better awe, and to bring them into more order. (9) Clerks of assize make indictments invalid by mis-spelling the names. (10) Mr. Spillar leaves out names in the schedules he makes for the commissioners. (11) The special commissioners, procured by the recusants themselves, value their lands at about one-twentieth of the true worth. (12) Sheriffs are negligent in retaining the goods. (13) Many recusants rescue their goods by force of arms most riotously from those which have lawfully and by warrant seized them for the king, and beat and wound the officers. (14) As a last resource, they will go to church to save their property, but they will not register their conformity in the Exchequer; for in that case a relapse might be treason, or at any rate punishable by *præmunire*. Thornborough winds up by recommending the strict administration of the laws, so as to keep in obedience those who have not yet fallen, and to reform those that have, or at least to provide for their gradual extinction by death. Or if these sanguinary laws are not to be put into force, then let the king's revenue from this source be much increased. The bishop, however, foresees that if Catholics are only to suffer in pocket, then "this will be a means of many others' fall in hopes of like favour;" so he concludes by again urging that only those who are now Catholics be treated so leniently, but that all converts should suffer the personal penalties of imprisonment or death, which the laws provide.

The government soon saw the value of this advice, and made its author chief ecclesiastical commissioner for the province of York, with general powers to administer the laws against recusants; while the king anticipated his success by making preposterous grants of recusants' fines to his noble and ignoble fools, footmen, and flatterers, to the great inconvenience and disgust of Thornborough, as we shall see in the sequel. Immediately after his appointment, John Thornborough, with his henchman, Robert Kelwaye, a sagacious hunting-dog of the order of Topcliffe, established his head-quarters in York Castle, summoned the recusants before him, and soon had the satisfaction of seizing from them goods to the value of nearly

900*l.*, and 500*l.* a-year of rents. He next turned his attention to the arrears of fines that had not been collected in the late queen's time, and found that a goodly sum of money was still due upon that score. Among the debtors was Sir William Blakiston, of Blakiston in Durham, the head of the great family of that name, which then held so important a rank among the gentry of the palatinate. It was a family, as Surtees* tells us, descended neither from Norman baron nor from Saxon thane; it owed not its rise to charter of bishop, nor to the favour of any of the great lords; nor had it been in immemorial possession of the property. The first known of the name was a cook, from whom the family arose *pedetentim et ex humili loco*, and acquired its lands by very gradual purchase from their ancient owners, till it reached the zenith of its wealth and honours under John Blackiston, the paterfamilias of 1575, a genuine example, according to Surtees, of the ancient squire of the old ballad,

“Who kept a brave old house at a bountiful old rate,
And an old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate.”

But the historian of the palatinate is unjust to the memory of this fine old fellow's descendants. His son, Sir William, we are told (whose marriage with the wealthy co-heiress of Claxton could not preserve even the old estate from dismemberment), and his grandson, Sir Thomas, who was created a baronet in 1615, and who sold the estate the same year, were as certainly “courtiers of the king and the king's new courtiers.” Any one who knows the old ballad† will remember the young courtier's channels for dissipating his property,—the profligacy, the mortgages, the luxury; the new-fangled wife, “with seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;” the new hall, new pictures, new study stuffed full of pamphlets and plays; the journey to London at Christmas, and the new titles bought by the sale of the old manors,—yet there is not the shadow of a proof that Sir William Blakiston was a man of this kind. True, he was obliged to part with portions of his property; but it was to pay for his religion, not for his rioting. The imputation is scarcely more applicable to his chivalrous grandson, Sir William, the second baronet, with whom the title expired, whose loyalty completed the ruin of his family, and who continued in arms till the last declension of the royal cause, and afterwards endured a long imprisonment in Maxtoke Castle.

But though there is nothing to show that the Sir William

* History of Durham, vol. iii. p. 160.

† See Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. book iii. no. 8.

Blakiston of 1607 was one of the new courtiers of the ballad, he evidently had about him somewhat of the thoughtless and brilliant daring of the Cavaliers. If he had the makings of a martyr in him, it was not a meek non-resisting victim, but a soldier who would sell his life dearly, and die with harness on his back: he had no notion of submitting tamely to the spoliation of the iniquitous penal laws; but was ready to lose his life in defence of his rights as a citizen, and probably also to take life in the same just cause. If his is an example less perfect than those which the suffering gentry of the south have bequeathed to us, at least it is one that more enlists the natural sympathies, and that varies agreeably the monotony of the multiplied tales of misery revealed to us by our researches into the action of the penal laws, which, by overstraining our pity might, unless so varied, defeat their own object, and weary instead of exciting us.

John Thornborough, in his court at York Castle, had satisfied himself that Sir William Blakiston owed for arrears of fines no less than 470*l*. Upon this a warrant was made out to seize his goods, and Robert Kelwaye and his men were sent to Durham to perform the service. How they prospered may be seen from two reports which Kelwaye sent in to his master, both of which are preserved in vol. cliii. of the Lansdowne Mss., and from which we compile our narrative.

“ Sir William Blakiston, a principal recusant of the county of Durham, being indebted to his majesty in great sums of money, the commission appointed that inquiry should be made, and a jury was impaneled, which found him to be possessed of some 600*l*. a-year in land, and of goods to the amount of 300*l*. Kelwaye therefore, who was in Durham, immediately sent Tobias Mozyer, John Cowthe, William Guidott, and seven more men, under the orders of Smith, the bailiff of that liberty, with warrant to seize twenty horses and threescore and seventeen oxen and kine; this they did quietly and peaceably, and kept possession of their booty for some three hours, in which time they had driven it about four miles towards Durham, when suddenly Sir William, and John Blakiston his son, well mounted and with their swords drawn, came riding down upon them, galloped to the foremost of the cattle, and there with force and arms, calling the aforesaid persons rogues and villains, with other outrageous words, commanded them in the king's name to redeliver the goods, pretending and vowing that he had a discharge from the king, and a patent under the great seal; and that notice had been given of it to Kelwaye by the under-sheriff. Now this under-sheriff, says Kelwaye, was a great favourer of the knight; and when he (Kelwaye) had asked to see the patent, he was told that one Captain Colville had begged it of the king, but had carried it with him into Scotland, because Mr. Spillar (Sir Julius Cæsar's

clerk) was to have 40*l.* fee for it, and it was not settled whether Colville or Blakiston were to pay this sum. The patent was said to reserve only 100*l.* a-year from Blakiston's estate to the king's use, which the sheriff had process to levy. Kelwaye, with a decision which he had hitherto found safe in dealing with recusants, had taken for granted that these were but devices, and had directed his men to accomplish the seizure whatever might be said to them. Sir William then, finding that arguments would not prevail, next challenged all the party to fight, one to one or two to two, saying that he would rather lose his life than his goods; but they replied that they came not to fight but to drive the cattle to Durham, and to deliver them to the sheriff to his majesty's use. On which Sir William proceeded to rail in most violent manner at his majesty's proceedings, saying that none did serve the king but a company of rogues, with other outrageous speeches. So, not to be satisfied with any persuasions, he and his son first drove away all the horses; and when they had driven them to such a distance that there was no chance of Kelwaye's men recovering them, they left them in the field, and galloped back to rescue the other cattle. At every gate the cattle were to be driven through, the knight and his son rode ahead, and there opposed themselves to the men, and hindered their driving, only to gain time. After a while he was joined by one William Partis, and a miller, servants of his, whom he ordered to help him; and they four continued their resistance and rescue with force of arms, and Sir William drew his sword (the narrator forgetting that it had been drawn all the while) and struck Mozyer on the shoulder, and continued his rescue from Sedgely to Cossage Bridge, six miles from Blakiston Hall, where he left them, commanding Partis to take his mare and ride to Durham to procure assistance. One of Kelwaye's men took this opportunity to ride off to his master, and tell him the state of matters. 'Hereupon,' says that officer, 'I procured a warrant from the Bishop of Durham to the under-sheriff to go and assist my men, and to apprehend those which did resist them; which being known,' he adds, 'the under-sheriff hid himself away that I could not find him till it was too late.' During this pause in the conflict, the men asked John Blakiston what his father meant to offer such violence, and to rescue goods that had been seized to the king's use. John curtly replied, that when the sheriff himself had made a like seizure, his father had rescued his goods, and had answered the matter, and so he would do again. John then asked to see what warrant they had; and when he had read it, he made light of it. Seeing, however, that only two opponents were left in the field, the bailiff and his man drove on the rest of the cattle as far as Paperhill House, where William Partis came up to them again, accompanied by George Blakiston, brother of the knight, who drew his sword, and cried out to them, 'Masters, I require you in the king's name, as you love your lives, cease driving these cattle; for the sheriff is coming with company to take them from you, and to lay you all by the

heels.' Then he would gallop a little way back, always calling out for his brother's men, and saying, 'I marvel what my brother means that they come not.' But the brave fellow would not wait for reinforcements, but began to rescue the cattle with great violence, though the warrant was shown, and he commanded in the king's name to desist, and though the men declared 'we are possessed of the beasts, and will keep them for the king's use.' After a little time, Peter and Robert, his brothers, joined him. 'God's blood,' said he, 'where have you been all this while?' Whereupon they rode all four of them to the constable's house at Shankley, and took three pitchforks, and raised a mob of women to help them, and waited for the men and cattle to come down the lane. There a regular pitched battle ensued; and Kelwaye recounts in no very Homeric strain how George Blakiston thrust his prong at the breast of the said George Hurst, and struck the said Cutberd Fisher, and how the constable standing in view would never come and aid them, neither see the king's majesty's peace kept, though the commissioner's servants showed him their warrant, and read the same to him, requiring him by virtue thereof to aid and assist them in keeping the goods they had seized. But the constable excused himself by saying that his neighbours were all out at plough; and but if they could keep their booty till he came out of the field, he would do what he might. This, however, was a mere pretext to win time; for while he was parleying there came two ploughs home with men driving them, and yet the constable would not order them to assist, nor command the women to forbear their resistance, but went his way; and in his absence the Blakistons, who had now collected a party of twelve, took and drove off the cattle, crying out that none can serve the king in these businesses but a company of rogues.

Great, in the mean time, was the indignation in the bishop's court at Durham. Upon the delivery of the warrant to the under-sheriff, this excessively reverend father, both on the bench (for it was session time, and bishops of those days were not wont to be absent when there was a chance of hanging or fining a papist) and in private assembly, made an earnest and effectual speech to the justices of the peace, inciting and persuading them to suppress these outrageous abuses, and to minister such assistance to the commissioner as the case required. But only two of them showed a forward mind, the rest replied nothing to the bishop's speeches; whereat he was discontented, and rebuked them with very sharp terms, especially the high sheriff and under-sheriff, to whom the warrant had been delivered. On this the sheriff promised Kelwaye to meet him the next morning with power sufficient. Trusting to this, the next day early the commissioner rode out of Durham with six of his servants; and when he came within three miles of Sir William Blakiston's house, the under-sheriff met him with one man to attend upon him. Kelwaye in astonishment demanded where the rest of his company was. The under-sheriff replied that his presence would prevent all resistance; and so, indeed, it proved, as Kelwaye

lugubriously bemoans himself; 'for they had notice of my coming, and had removed all their goods into Yorkshire, and barred their gate against us, having procured divers men to resist if I had offered to enter, which I refrained to do (not through fear, of course, but) having no sufficient authority to warrant me; and Sir William Blakiston would not be spoken withal, but sent his lady to the gate, who railed at these proceedings, and said it was oppression and not justice.' This was not the last of poor Kelwaye's disappointments on that day; for as they were riding back to Durham, he saw George Blakiston, Sir William's brother, who had boasted that this was not the first time that he had caused such *rescous* to be made, neither should be the last. For this Kelwaye ordered the sheriff to arrest him. That officer, however, found himself afflicted suddenly with an inability to make any rapid movements, and George recovered his brother's house, and so escaped.

The news of this affair was of course soon carried to John Thornborough, at York, who at once wrote off to Sir Julius Cæsar the following letter, dated Dec. 15, 1607:

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—The daily riotous rescues against men warranted to seize to his majesty's use goods, by inquisition and jury found, of recusants convict, hath, for better execution of justice here, and for satisfying the good subject, mourning at the audacious and after a sort rebellious rescues (as if authority durst not or could not punish them), forced his majesty's council resident at York to send, and call many of these riotous persons before them; and because Sir William Blakiston, of the bishopric of Durham, knight, hath in this kind greatly offended, to his majesty's loss above eight hundred pounds,—I mean in goods to that value lawfully seized, but most violently rescued,—and thereby also given ill example to the rest of recusants, who by his ill example have in like sort done much prejudice to his majesty's profit, and grievance to every good subject in these parts: therefore it was thought meet by me, for this time vice-president here, and by the rest of his majesty's council, to send for the said Sir William by the sergeant-at-arms, and for his son John Blakiston, and to commit to the pursuivant George Blakiston, taken here in York, until he answered an information put in against him by his majesty's attorney here. But so it is that the sergeant-at-arms meeting, not with Sir William, who would not be found at home, but only with John his son, the said John pretending to take his horse together with the sergeant at the door to come towards York, he, after one night keeping, gave the slip back into his father's house most contemptuously, and so the sergeant returned without father or son. In mean while George, wilfully deferring to make his answer to the information, was still kept by the pursuivant, but how he hath here also behaved himself I humbly pray your honour to judge. He threateneth to call me and the council here to account for false imprisonment, saying, that he standeth on his defence by that grant which it pleased his highness to give to a gentle-

man of Scotland. But with that we here meddle not, nor have to do with it; only we deal in the rescue, having lawfully seized the goods for his majesty, and knowing of no grant, saving that they said they were to have it, and could not, nor did show it. And the reason wherefore George confessed to me and to the council here that his brother had not that grant forthcoming was, for that Mr. Spillar was to have forty pounds, but it was not then agreed whether Sir William or the gentleman of Scotland should pay it, the gentleman having promised it. But I think that George dealeth as ill in this report as in the rest of his doings. My desire is, to certify your honour, not only of these proceedings, but also of the insolency of our recusants here, in number many, offensive to God's church, and to the state dangerous; and the rather for that even now a new complaint is made of a rescue, performed with bow, gun, horsemen, staves, by men well mounted, with vizards on their faces, with danger of them which served the king. I humbly crave pardon for my tedious letter, and so take leave.

Your honour's in all love and duty,

York, 15th December.

JOHN BRISTOL."*

Such conduct as this partly explains how it was that the Catholic religion suffered so much less in the north than in the south. There the recusants made themselves feared; they did not scruple to meet violence with violence, and to put down legal injustice by the illegal use of sword and pitchfork. We are afraid, however, that the family of Blakiston has not, like some who suffered more meekly, and with a truer spirit of martyrdom, left representatives to hand down both its honours and its faith to our own days. Few families, says Surtees, had spread more wide, or flourished fairer; but all its branches—Gibside, Newton Hall, Old Malton, Seaton, and Thornton Hall—have perished, like the original stock. One family alone remains within the county which can trace its blood, without hereditary possessions; and a dubious and distant kindred to the old tree of Blakiston is asserted by some families that bear the name in the south.

It was after such practical instruction in the nature of the recusants of the north, that Robert Kelwaye was able to reduce to a few propositions the various *preventions* which they used to "deceive the king of the money to be levied." The document is very interesting; for any one who has read the penal acts, and has seen with what brutal severity they were carried out, must wonder, not that the English Catholics were reduced to the poverty which they suffered, but that any families in the country could have preserved their estates, especially estates of such importance as many of them were. Kelwaye will explain many of their shifts.

* Lansdowne, 153, fol. 102.

When a commission was appointed by the crown, after satisfying itself what fines were due from the recusants presented to it, it issued warrants to the sheriff of the county to summon a jury, which was to inquire what lands or tenements, goods or chattels, the recusants possessed at the time of their conviction, or since. Of the lands, two out of three parts were seized for the crown; while the goods found by the jury were all to be sold, and the money to be paid to the commissioners, and by them to the sheriff, who was directly answerable to the exchequer. But in the north parts, as soon as the recusants heard (and there were plenty among the magistrates to inform them) of the summoning of the jury to inquire into their goods, they conveyed away all their movables; so that when the commissioners came to make seizure there was nothing to be found. As for their cattle, though their lands were well stocked, they were not stocked with their own beasts; friends made an exchange, and Brown's cows fed in Smith's field, and Smith's bullocks in Brown's paddock; so when the commissioners came to seize the cattle on Smith's estate, he was ready to make oath, and to produce sufficient witnesses, that they neither were nor ever had been his. For their lands, they often let them on lease, and then the tenant claimed whatever was found upon them; or if a growing crop of corn was seized on a recusant's land, none of the neighbours would buy it, and the law did not make provision for the commissioners making it over to the sheriff in kind. Then, again, the recusants made over all their lands and goods to conforming friends or relations, with the implied trust of holding them for the recusants' use; or else they conveyed them to their sons or their daughters' husbands on their marriage. Then, again, many a recusant, two parts of whose lands had already been seized to the king's use, and who had lost all his goods, made light of the law which could touch him no further; and often the forfeiture of the two parts was merely nominal; for they had influence enough to get their property valued far below its real worth, and then to nominate themselves or their nearest relations to be tenants of the forfeited lands at this insufficient valuation. Lastly, when in spite of all these shifts they found their lands and cattle seized, they would then offer to go to church and conform themselves, whereupon all their fines were remitted; but they were never seen in the church again except on a similar occasion. Or they rescued their goods in a less peaceable manner, and yet no punishment was provided for them by the law. Such were some of the difficulties which the commissioners in the north had to combat: the ill-disguised hostility of the population;

the coldness of officers; the apathy of the justices, not to be warmed even by the cutting rebukes of my lord of Durham, or of the divine, who, finding nothing particular to do in his own see of Bristol, must needs busy himself in reducing the northern counties to the obedience of Mammon.

We will conclude our paper by adding a few letters and other documents to show what sort of a person was this John Thornborough, the patron of Protestantism and persecutor of Popery in the north. The first is a letter written to Sir Robert Cecil in 1606, just after the Gunpowder Plot, in which the writer urges the royal favourite to measures of greater severity against the priests and recusants.

“ MOST HONOURABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD,—In all duty I make bold to certify your honour that one Mr. Ubank, prebendary of Durham, and a man of good service in these parts, in private and familiar conference with me touching priests and Jesuits and other popish adversaries, declared that on Friday, ninth of this instant May, Sicklemore, a seminary, and now a prisoner at Durham, sent to the said Mr. Ubank, praying private speech with him. When and where Sicklemore confidently affirmed that no priests were in any peril of death, but of banishment only, and that not any priest was actor or plotter in the late horrible gunpowder treason; to which, when Mr. Ubank replying said, that Garnet was a special actor, and therefore now justly executed, he sighing thereat, answered, ‘Then there is nothing for us but persecution. The devil is in that Lord of Salisbury, all our undoing is his doing, and executing Garnet is his only deed.’ This speech I cannot pass over with silence, wishing that Cantharides, who without life maketh blisters arise in living flesh, may not living feed upon every fresh and most precious flower; nor that the Jesuits and priests, who dead are enemies, in their adherents and friends, to the present flourishing state, may living prosper to gorge themselves and feed their eyes fat with envy, and fill their hearts full of malice against Aristides, surnamed Justus for his uprightness. But your honour not ceasing to sow good seed, both for prosperity to the state and to the church, without observing the time, maketh all good subjects to his majesty daily rejoice at your little, nay, no fear of these threats. *Simul cum mundo posuit Deus regnum et odium.* I humbly pray pardon for my boldness, and so do most humbly take leave.

Your honour’s in all duty,

York, 15th May (1606).

JOHN BRISTOL.”*

The following was written early in 1608, and serves to illustrate King James’s peculiar generosity to his courtiers at the expense of his Catholic subjects, and his political prudence in granting preposterous sums of public money to his favourites, and in giving them special commissions to raise

* British Museum, Additional Mss. 6178.

these sums for themselves ; wasting thereby three times more than he used, and carelessly transferring funds from the exchequer to the pockets of pilfering pursuivants and rascally agents.

“ Your honour may be pleased to understand that where one Davenport hath procured a special commission for himself and one other for 1200*l.*, to be raised out of the goods of recusants in Yorkshire, these are in duty to his majesty to certify you that this special commission will swallow up his majesty’s benefit, intended and sought by the general. For where his majesty in his gracious goodness was pleased to give unto Davenport, his highness’ footman, and to one other joined with him, 1200*l.* out of convict recusants’ goods, such as they themselves should find, and whereof his majesty stood not before possessed, Davenport by Heaton’s means (Heaton being allowed, as himself confessed to me, 200*l.* for his pains) putteth in, into the schedule of his commission, the names of divers recusants, and those of the richest, not which Davenport or Heaton found, but such as were and still are in the schedule of the general commission in my charge, even such to whom and to whose goods his majesty was before lawfully entitled, and for whom there was before commission granted for his majesty’s benefit. But this is not all that I justly mislike. This last summer they skimmed and ran over all those recusants which by Heaton were put into the schedule, taken out (as I said) from the schedule of those already found for his majesty ; and they then found as much goods as were graciously given them, whereof some they seized, and the rest was and is for them to be levied by the sheriff ; but not content herewith, they now again have to their commission put a schedule of new names, yet of such as are also by Heaton taken from the general commission ; so as if they thus continue, there will be left for ME but only the beggarly recusants, who are and will be clamorous. I humbly pray rather, that if his majesty will not tie them only to such recusants as themselves can find, not yet found, and [nor] already subject by name to the general commission for his majesty’s behoof, that then his majesty would be pleased to allow them their grant as it shall arise by inquisition from the general commission. For I shall and will be answerable for all men’s doings in the general ; but I find so many abuses in the execution of the special by Heaton and by his servants, that I have more than just cause to complain, as well against their corruptions and cruelty as against their wrongs and injustice, to the great dishonour of the present happy government. Wherein I am the more earnest for redress by your honour’s means, seeing I have so many and such daily unanswerable complaints. Heaton did long time follow (being aided, as I said, by his unjust dealing would and needs must now come to light) up (that he might have dealing still) Davenport to this end, and verily I cannot deny but that Heaton for his skill and will to be an excellent instrument against recusants,

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these sums for themselves ; wasting thereby three times more than he used, and carelessly transferring funds from the exchequer to the pockets of pilfering pursuivants and rascally agents.

“ Your honour may be pleased to understand that where one Davenport hath procured a special commission for himself and one other for 1200*l.*, to be raised out of the goods of recusants in Yorkshire, these are in duty to his majesty to certify you that this special commission will swallow up his majesty’s benefit, intended and sought by the general. For where his majesty in his gracious goodness was pleased to give unto Davenport, his highness’ footman, and to one other joined with him, 1200*l.* out of convict recusants’ goods, such as they themselves should find, and whereof his majesty stood not before possessed, Davenport by Heaton’s means (Heaton being allowed, as himself confessed to me, 200*l.* for his pains) putteth in, into the schedule of his commission, the names of divers recusants, and those of the richest, not which Davenport or Heaton found, but such as were and still are in the schedule of the general commission in my charge, even such to whom and to whose goods his majesty was before lawfully entitled, and for whom there was before commission granted for his majesty’s benefit. But this is not all that I justly mislike. This last summer they skimmed and ran over all those recusants which by Heaton were put into the schedule, taken out (as I said) from the schedule of those already found for his majesty ; and they then found as much goods as were graciously given them, whereof some they seized, and the rest was and is for them to be levied by the sheriff ; but not content herewith, they now again have to their commission put a schedule of new names, yet of such as are also by Heaton taken from the general commission ; so as if they thus continue, there will be left for ME but only the beggarly recusants, who are and will be clamorous. I humbly pray rather, that if his majesty will not tie them only to such recusants as themselves can find, not yet found, and [nor] already subject by name to the general commission for his majesty’s behoof, that then his majesty would be pleased to allow them their grant as it shall arise by inquisition from the general commission. For I shall and will be answerable for all men’s doings in the general ; but I find so many abuses in the execution of the special by Heaton and by his servants, that I have more than just cause to complain, as well against their corruptions and cruelty as against their wrongs and injustice, to the great dishonour of the present happy government. Wherein I am the more earnest for redress by your honour’s means, seeing I have so many and such daily unanswerable complaints. Heaton did long time follow (before I had it) the execution of the general commission ; and finding that his unjust dealing would and needs must now come to light, he stirred up (that he might have dealing still) Davenport to his suitor. And verily I cannot deny but that Heaton for his skill and will might be an excellent instrument against recusants,

but it is impossible to keep him within bounds of honesty and justice. He sold the goods of one Stockdale for 150*l.*, and returned not into the exchequer four-score pounds to be allowed Davenport towards his sum; the rest he kept to himself, and so doth and will do in all his dealings concerning recusants. But if Stockdale had been left to the general commission, Davenport might have had more money, and his majesty should have received the rest. If your honour speak with Heaton, he in his cunning will tell you many a fair tale; but, believe me, he is not to be trusted; I could exemplify this in many and too many particulars.

Furthermore, I pray your honour in your wisdom to consider the exceeding loss his majesty sustaineth touching recusants in these parts, for that his majesty's two parts are not let in lease to tenants yearly to yield a certain rent. It may be thought that I have long time spoken this for some respect to benefit myself, or to hinder others who seek benefit in their inferior places; but I do disclaim mine own profit, and profess myself willing to hinder others' indirect doings, so as I might lawfully increase his majesty's coffers. Many leases of the best recusants are already let in lease to the recusants themselves, their lands being not valued to the fourth of their worth. Others unleased are left from time to time to the sheriff of the county to be extended according to the debt they owe, or at least to satisfy as far as the land will yield towards the debts they owe. And on this land the sheriff taketh distresses; and in a year perhaps accounteth unto the exchequer 5*l.* taken by distress for 500*l.* in arrearages. Sometimes is returned nil. Much favour is showed, to the great prejudice of his majesty's due, which otherwise would easily be gotten; and in many recusants and much land this cometh to a mighty sum in short time. If it please his gracious majesty to give to me and to others power to provide him tenants, and commission to let them leases, I doubt not but his certain revenue will be increased many thousand pounds in these parts. And herein can be no deceit when others joined with me will and may oversee my doings, for I will be sure to look to theirs. And he that will deceive King James or wrong his subjects, I wish him for my part no living subject to the king, but a halter for his reward. No officer in the exchequer will, I think, dislike my motion; for I know the better sort are very honourable and void of covetousness and corruption, and the inferiors shall and may have all due fees paid for passing every lease, as well as their superiors. And for this will I be accountable every term to them. Otherwise, all things still standing as they now do, I shall grow weary of finding, when I find much and his majesty findeth but little fruit of my labours. I hope, therefore, and for that so earnestly pray your honour to have consideration of the two parts of this my letter, too long, but not without need, very true, and needing your help. And so I take leave.

Your honour's to be commanded,

York, 26th Feb. [1607-8].

JOHN P^rESTOL.**

* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 303.

Is this the letter of an honest man? Surely his vision of other men's knavery is too clear for any other than a knave's eye. His touching complaint, that there will be nothing left for him but beggarly recusants, indicates something deeper than a mere ministerial and disinterested agency in carrying out an abstract law; while his attempts to prove that he cannot intend to deceive, because others are joined with him to oversee his doings, show either folly or a dishonest intention. It is precisely the same argument that pious director of the Royal British Bank might have used to swindle the shareholders. Experience shows that rascals use, and doubtless used in the 17th century, to hunt in packs.

The following extract from another letter, dated Feb. 3d, 1608, shows to what great amounts these partial commissions sometimes extended:

"And where it hath pleased his most excellent majesty (as I am informed) to give to the Earl of Montgomery 20,000*l.* of arrearages, accounting to his majesty's use a moiety of what is recovered from any or all the recusants throughout the realm; and where it is said here, that presently, after the term, cometh down into this country commission specially for that purpose, and that Heaton, who first set his lordship on work to beg this grant, shall and will follow the execution of that commission in these parts. These are to assure your honour, that besides the cruel and corrupt dealings of Heaton, to the dishonour of his majesty's commission, and unjust oppression of many, not only recusants, but sometimes good subjects, there will and needs must, in the execution of that special commission, be a confused and disordered proceeding with the general, or rather against the general commission, and to his majesty's great prejudice as well in profit as otherwise, except they only which manage the general commission have also the special commission committed to their trust and faithfulness. For my part, I speak not against the benefit of my Lord Montgomery, nay, I would and will by all means further it—obliged to his house by a gift of one thousand pounds at least from his honourable father. But *Amicus Cato*, (*sic*) *amicus Socrates, magis amica veritas*. It were fit therefore, in mine opinion, that where this province is not the third part of his grant, that his lordship might rather receive from these parts in certainty 3000*l.*, as from time to time it shall be sent to the exchequer from hence, yet not this all at once; but the one moiety being reserved to his majesty, the other might be paid to his lordship. And in this course, if commission might be granted, as is proposed in beginning of this my letter, quick payment would be made to his lordship for the third part accruing from these parts, and the rest he might make up in the province of Canterbury."*

After this exhibition of John Thornborough's single-

* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 305.

mind service of Mammon, our readers will be glad to hear how well Mammon served him. We first find him as a demy of Magdalen College, Oxford; then chaplain for some time to the Earl of Pembroke, who "first planted him in the Church of Christ" by presenting him to a living in Wiltshire (for our friend does not seem to have had any notion that baptism, or education, or his Anglican orders, constituted any such "planting;" for him from the very first there was no "godliness" but "gain"); then chaplain to the queen; soon after devouring two rectories, a prebendal stall, and the deanery of York. Then, in 1593, made Bishop of Limerick (holding still all his other preferments). In 1603, advanced by the moribund Elizabeth, in consequence of his services against the Irish, to the bishopric of Bristol, with which he still retained his deanery. Then, in 1616, promoted from this poor see to that of Worcester; where he stuck pertinaciously for a quarter of a century, surviving several who had expected to succeed him, outliving three deans, all his prebendaries, two archdeacons, two commissaries, and well-nigh outliving his bishopric itself; and dying in 1641, aged 94 years. After his promotion to Worcester, though he seems to have got too old for the excitements of recusant-hunting, he could not abandon that pursuit to which this had always been subservient, the pursuit of gold. This unquenchable thirst he sought to satisfy by the assistance of the black arts of alchemy and magic. At no time did this foolish imposture flourish more, or in higher places, than when King James was burning old women for witches all over the country. But what was damnable in a poor old hag, was commendable in a rich old bishop; and the work which he published on gold-making and the philosopher's stone was recommended on the title, not only for its science, but for its piety.* We should naturally expect that one whose dealings with the devil were of so intimate a nature would be possessed with a corresponding hatred of the sign of our redemption. It is therefore without surprise that we learn from Richard Baxter† that the bishop always baptised without the sign of the cross.

But the Pantheon of John Thornborough's deities contained other gods besides Mammon; and his ill-disguised love of gold was not the worst feature in the character of this plunderer of Papists. In a work of Sir John Harrington, written for the private use of Henry Prince of Wales soon

* *Λιθοθεωρικός*. Sive nihil, aliquid, omnia, in gratiam eorum qui artem auriferam physico-chemice et pie profitentur. Oxon. 1621.

† Penitent Confession, p. 10.

after 1608, and published in 1653, we find the following hints of a scandal connected with the divorce and remarriage of this estimable prelate :

“ Bristol* being a bishopric of the later erection, namely, but sixty-six years since, no marvel it never had any bishop thereof canonised for a saint, yet it cannot be denied since to have had one holy man ; and, if marriage with a bishop might make them holy, it hath had also in his short time more than one holy woman. I spent a roving shaft on Fletcher’s† second marriage ; I would I could as well pluck the thorn of Dr. Thornbury’s first marriage out of every man’s conscience that has taken a scandal of his second. For my part, whatsoever I think in private, it becomes us not to judge our judges. The customs and laws of some countries differ from others, and sometimes are changed and mended in the same, as this case of divorce is most godly reformed in ours. But it was the Bishop of Limerick in Ireland, and not the Bishop of Bristol in England, that thus married. What, doth this lessen the scandal ? I suppose it doth. For I dare affirm, that most of that diocese are so well catechised, as they think it as great a scandal for their bishop (yea, rather greater) to have one wife as to have two. But setting aside this misfortune rather than fault, which, if God and the king pardon him for, who shall impute to him ? For other matters I have reason‡ to think him and his in God’s and the king’s favour.”

The knight’s vindication of the bishop’s double marriage is excessively amusing : it was done while he was an Irish bishop, and his flock there was quite as much scandalised at his having one wife as two. Hence, of course, a Protestant bishop, *in partibus infidelium*, that is, in Popish countries, may have a whole harem of wives if he is so inclined. We do not know that this doctrine goes much beyond Dr. Colenso’s canons for his flock at Natal. But to return to Thornborough. We have in our hands the copy of a letter dated April 8th, 1599, from the Archbishop of York to Robert Cecil, which clothes this scandal in much more vivid colours than Sir John Harrington ventures to use. It is a letter we do not like to publish, because of the cynical simplicity with which matters that are usually concealed are handled, though the writer is an archbishop, the subject a bishop, and the person addressed that luminary of the English Church, Sir Robert Cecil. The

* Sir J. Harrington, *Brief View of the State of the Church of England*, p. 156.

† Bishop of London, and father of the dramatic poet. He fell into disgrace with Elizabeth on his second marriage, but was soon able to regain her favour.

‡ The reason was, that he escaped with his life when a house where he was sleeping fell. But in all cases of witchcraft the devil is known to take care of his own. As you can’t make a witch sink, so you probably can’t smash a wizard, especially an episcopal one.

archbishop acknowledges the receipt of Sir Robert's letter containing the queen's directions for the well-using of "my lord of Limerick," which he promises to attend to, both for the queen's sake, and for the cause of religion, which has received some disgrace by his unfortunate marriages, especially the last, which is flat contrary to her majesty's ecclesiastical laws, and much disliked by most of the clergy. It appears that, having divorced his former wife, he proceeded to marry another woman, who, according to strict morality, ought to have been somebody's wife before the period of the divorce. Of course, the presumption was, that the expected child was his; yet he protested, on his salvation, that it was not so. "Which, if it be true (and I hope the best)," says the writer, "then, in my judgment, *in foro conscientie*, this his marriage is lawful." In this delightful dilemma between two infamies we will leave John Thornborough, the pillar of Protestantism, and the invoker of the law against the marriages of Catholics.

SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

THE LAST MAN OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.*

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

It was towards the close of a lovely day in June, and the sun, which had shone throughout the entire afternoon with unwonted brilliancy and power, was now stooping towards

* [We have more than once on previous occasions alluded to the difficulties we feel in meeting the wishes of a body of readers so miscellaneous as the subscribers to the *Rambler*. Perhaps there is no other periodical in existence which counts among its friends so great a variety of tastes and opinions, both literary, political, and theological. Consequently we have, from our first year of existence, found it at times difficult to vary the subjects of our papers sufficiently to please all our readers, at least in some degree. Our greatest difficulty of all has been to decide the question of "fiction" or "no fiction," so as to meet the wishes of all parties as agreeably as possible. At one moment we hear nothing but a chorus of, "Pray give us no more stories;" but then bursts in, from the most unexpected quarters, an antagonistic protest, loud and frequent, against their omission. So as to their quality: what one person finds intolerably tedious, another reads with great interest and relish. In fact, we find, as in most matters

the west; reluctantly, one might almost have fancied, judging by the showers of soft and golden light which he was scattering far and wide over the world he was about to leave in darkness, as a token of farewell.

The white tombstones and mossy greensward of the churchyard of Ingford caught many a gleam of his departing glory; and the grand old yew-tree, which stood nearly in the centre,—the grand old yew-tree, with its green and glossy branches,—looked in the glowing atmosphere as if it had been wrought by some cunning artist out of a mass of precious metals—a mingling of gold and bronze. The workmen had already left the fields, and the village children had drawn nearer to the shelter of their several homes, for the indulgence of their evening pastimes; so there was no one to mark the beauty of the scene save one; and he, as he reclined upon the old stone-seat, which was set around the yew-tree, and which for ages had been the rostrum from whence the Ingford patriarchs had dispensed their gossip and their wisdom, seemed occupied with other and far less lightsome subjects of meditation.

Young as he evidently was, the fashion of his dress betokened that he was already in holy orders, and his face was one of singular beauty; being, for a man's, refined and delicate even to a fault; the soft hair clustering on a forehead trusting and candid in its expression as that of infancy; while the straight pencilled brows, and the stedfast look of the eyes that shone beneath them, betrayed a soul that for strength and nobleness of purpose might seldom find its equal. We have said that he appeared pre-occupied, and, in fact, he held a book in his hand, upon which his eyes were intently fixed; albeit once or twice he raised them anxiously towards the path which led from the village, as though he were expecting some one that way. But these distractions were evidently involuntary; for the wandering glances were speedily recalled, and settled even more earnestly than before upon the subject of his studies.

“This for my father, that for my brother!” cried a young girl, springing suddenly through the thick branches of

in this life, that we are driven to a sort of compromise, which we can only trust will be accepted by all our friends as the best practicable solution of the difficulty. We propose, therefore, not to exclude fiction absolutely and in every shape, but, at the same time, to introduce it so sparingly, that its most determined opponents will not, we hope, object to its introduction for the sake of other tastes besides their own.

The present tale, which is literally founded on historical fact, will be concluded in about four numbers, and is from the pen of an accomplished authoress long known among Catholic writers.—*Ed. Rambler.*]

the tree, and imprinting her rosy lips first on the hand and then on the forehead of the student who sat beneath it. Thus gently admonished, he looked up, and his eyes met those of a fair maiden, who could scarcely have numbered more than sixteen summers yet, and who was gazing with a pretty mixture of love and reverence into his uplifted eyes. They were brother and sister—it was impossible to doubt it; for the face of each was as the reflection of the other's, with only just so much of difference as might have been expected from the several circumstances of their age and sex, and necessarily opposite positions in life. Both possessed features cast in a mould of Madonna-like grace and beauty; but the expression of hers was more tender and more gay, of his more grave and more resolved. Her hair clustered in golden ringlets on her shoulders; his, as soft and golden, was cut away in a fashion better suited to the gravity of his profession. Her eyes reflected the blue heavens above her; and, like them, seemed ready alike for sunshine and for shower. His had caught the deeper tint of the violet, and wore something of that far-off look which betrays a soul more conversant with the things of eternity than with those of time. In her joyous timid ways, she reminded you of a young fawn, willing to play, yet fearful of offending; and careless, as yet, of aught beyond the passing joy or sorrow of the hour; while, on the contrary, a shade of thought, so deep as to be almost sadness, seemed to tone down all his looks and words, rendering the playfulness of his natural manner, whenever it was still exerted, inexpressibly touching to those who were its objects. In a moment the two, as we have described, stood gazing into each other's eyes,—a questioning thoughtful gaze, as if neither was certain of the feelings of the other; and once more it was the young girl who broke the silence by saying softly,

“Brother once, and now father and brother both in one, an if I ask thy paternal blessing on my bended knees, surely thou wilt not refuse it to thy poor sister, Bernard?”

“No blessing of mine dost thou need, dear child,” replied the priest. “Already thou hast, I trust, the two best blessings that heaven could give thee, innocence and a godly spirit; and with these in thy possession, thou needest no blessing of thy unworthy brother.”

“Nay, but in sooth,” replied the girl, “methinks, dear Bernard, that I need a higher blessing still, even the grace of perseverance, which alone can make the two thou hast already named to bear me triumphantly over the fiery trials of this bad world we live in.”

“And perseverance surely Heaven will give thee also, my

sister and my daughter," rejoined the youthful ecclesiastic, laying his hand, for the first time, on the head of his fair sister, as one who was about to invoke a blessing on her,—
"will grant thee surely, Amy, so only that thou dost ask it daily."

"I do hope it may be even as thou sayest, Bernard," she replied, in a faltering voice, and bending her head yet lower than was needed to the gentle pressure of his hand.

"Hope it," he repeated, answering rather to her manner than to her words. "Nay, my sister," he continued, in a voice that but for its affectionate anxiety might have sounded stern, "so long as thou dost pray for perseverance, of a verity thou mayest feel certain of persevering."

"Alas, and how shall we be certain of that, or of aught else besides," she answered sadly; "since these be days when religion is for ever on the change, from the fashion of the priestly garment even to the gravest doctrine the priest himself is commissioned to announce? To-day we hold one thing, yestere'en we held somewhat else; how, then, can we be certain of that which we shall be called to maintain upon the morrow?"

"Amy," replied her brother, bending his dark eyes upon her, with a look beneath which her own less earnest glances always fell, "at least we know that which we ought to maintain; albeit we may not be certain of having courage to do so. But let me understand thee. For this day at least thou art willing to abide by the faith our fathers held? Is it not so, my child, my sister? Answer without reserve, I pray thee."

"In sooth, my brother," replied the girl, shrouding beneath a playful quibble the real difficulty that she perhaps felt in answering, "it were needful, before I answer that question, to make me comprehend to which of our fathers, and to which of their creeds, thou wouldst have me so unreservedly to pledge my soul. Is it to the faith of Somerset? or the late Protector? or to that of the boy King Edward? or of the German monk? or of our own King Harry? whose soul God rest! And if it be none of these, tell me, I pray thee, if thou canst, how is a poor maid like me to choose amid such various speculations; seeing that what to day is put forth for our belief and reverence, to-morrow we may be prisoned or yet worse handled for maintaining?"

"A certain proof," replied her brother gravely, "that such doctrines be not of God, but of man alone; sith that which God teaches must needs be as unchanging as Himself; while the spirit of man, like his fleshly covering, is ever

subject to variations from the cradle to the grave. But thou notest well, for all thy merry jesting, that which I would say to thee. Thou notest well that the faith of which I speak is the faith our fathers held before Harry himself was in this life, or the proud England over which he ruled had a place among the nations;—even that time-honoured faith which Peter set up in the most ancient capital of the world, and of which I, albeit unworthy, am an anointed priest.”

Amy did not answer; but she sank instead from the old stone seat upon which she had been reposing until she was half-kneeling at her brother's feet, and, as her head drooped lower and lower still, he felt her hot tears falling on his hand.

“Answer me, Amy,” he continued, finding she remained mute. “Surely, my sister, thou dost hold (even as thou wert taught in childhood) all that the Catholic Church commands thee to believe?”

“Alas, brother,” replied Amy in a smothered voice, “there be churches enow now-a-days to puzzle wiser heads than the one that God hath put on these poor shoulders; and sith there be good men in all religions, surely all in their measures must needs have the elements of goodness in them?”

“None are good but only one,” replied the young priest sternly; “and wherefore, O my sister, if it be not because Christ Himself hath said by His own lips and His Apostles, ‘One faith, one baptism; and he that is not with Me is against Me.’ That baptism, thou hast had it; and that faith, thou dost hold it still? Answer me without evasion, I entreat thee.”

“Yes, my brother, I do believe,” replied Amy faintly. “I do believe; but—”

“But what?” rejoined her brother, seeing that she paused. “Speak frankly, Amy; for how shall I hope to aid thee if I know not the nature of thy feelings?”

“But I am sore afraid to say so. There thou knowest all now. And thou art not angry with me, brother, art thou?”

“Angry with thee, poor dove, why should I? Yes, thou art sore afraid, I can well believe it, Amy. And thy faith too is perchance perplexed by these unhappy disputations with which men do agitate their brain withal; and so thy soul has become all too weak to soar at once to the Sun of Justice, regardless of the human impediments that may meet it on the way.”

“Nay, but I am right glad that thou art not angered against me, Bernard,” cried Amy, with an air of childish relief at having escaped an anticipated scolding. “And so

now will I e'en make a clean breast of it, and tell thee how it has been with me this many a day, that is to say, ever since thou didst leave us to betake thee unto foreign parts; but yet think not so ill of thy poor Amy as to suppose she really has abandoned the religion of her childhood. No, dear Bernard; for now as ever the same faith unites us twain, but with this difference, indeed, that while thine has been strengthened by the studies needed to fit thee for thy calling, mine, on the contrary, has been, as thou hast rightly said it, perplexed and weakened amid discussions that made the brain grow dizzy and the heart at times to palpitate with fear. Yes, verily I may say with fear; for Katherine, as thou knowest, is of a high and exacting humour, and never doth she show it more than when I have dared to maintain mine own religion against hers."

"Katherine, ay Katherine indeed," repeated Bernard, a shadow passing over his candid brow. "Katherine is older than thou art, hath twice thy wit and cunning too, my gentle Amy; and therefore I would not have thee to dispute too freely with her on a subject far too subtle for either of your women's wit to grasp at safely."

"Yet hath Katherine a wondrous eloquence when she addresses her to the subject, brother. Albeit it sometimes seems to me as if she were urged to speak less for the love she bears her own religion, than for the mislike in which she holdeth ours. And, wouldst thou believe it? she will not even name thee since thou hast turned thee to holy orders. The other day I did but mention that I had seen thee, and instantly her brow grew dark as midnight, and methinks I detected even a muttered oath upon her lips. But what hast thou here?" Amy interrupted herself to ask, as she stooped to pick up the book, which, by a sudden movement of his hand, Bernard had let fall that moment. "A breviary; and that minds me of another thing. It is to the church of Owslebury thou hast been appointed rector by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, is it not, Bernard?"

"Amy, it is even so."

"And hast thou forgotten, or didst thou ever know, that this same church of Owslebury, with the lands pertaining to it, forms a portion of the manor of Twyford, ceded by the present Bishop Poynt to the king, and by the latter to our cousin Sir Henry Seymour, whose lady-mother hath nurtured our childhood."

"Amy, I do know it, and I have not forgotten. But I do remember also that Poynt is an interloper in the diocese, and that I hold the living of Owslebury from Gardner, the

only bishop of Winchester my conscience will permit me to accept of."

"Our cousin Henry hath a strong will and a grasping mind," said Amy, in a low voice; "and mistress Katherine, who seems to mislike thee much, though wherefore I scarce can tell—" Amy broke off in the middle of her speech; for this time her quick eye had caught the shadow which the bare mention of the name of Katherine had called more than once already to the young priest's brow.

"Katherine? and what of Katherine?" her brother asked, observing that she paused.

"Katherine! I do hope I wrong her not, Bernard; but yet sometimes my mind misgives me that she urges our cousin unkindly in this business of the manor, which he declares to be so much his lawful right, that he would claim it of thee, wert thou already on the altar-steps for the celebrating of the service."

"Then let him come to the altar-steps and claim it," replied her brother shortly. "Thou canst tell him so, an thou list, dear Amy. It will be no more than I have already told him on arriving in the parish."

"Thou hast said it to him?" cried Amy, in a voice of terror. "But dost thou not know that through his favour with Northumberland he is all-powerful just now at court, and therefore free to put upon thee any vengeance he may please for this opposing of his wishes."

"So much likewise I do know, my Amy, ay, and somewhat more besides. Nathless, so long as the good and learned Gardner lives, none other may claim the right of appointment to the lands in question; nor can I in conscience ever wink at Sir Henry's illegal appropriation thereof."

"It is Katherine who hath put him on this notion," said Amy, in a tone as if she fain would have excused Sir Henry at the expense of the damsel named; "she hath a strange hankering, has Kate, after this poor manor of Twysford; and though, as I think, he doth not affect her greatly, yet hath she also a wondrous power to influence the Seymour in his actions."

"I know not," the other thoughtfully replied, "whether in fairness this evil can be altogether laid to the promptings of mistress Katherine, seeing that Henry himself hath had from childhood a lusting after wealth and power, which can best be gratified in these unhappy times by the defrauding of the Church of Christ."

"Thou hast never cared for such things thyself, my brother; yet art thou as earnest to maintain thy claim upon the

lands which the bishop hath confided to thy keeping, as Henry can be to wrest it from thee," Amy observed, in a hesitating and doubtful manner.

"Because it hath been confided to my keeping, Amy; and that, not by the Lord Bishop Gardiner only, but by every one of those pious souls departed who have bequeathed their property to the good guardianship of the Church, less, as it might almost seem, for the due maintaining of her ministers themselves, than for that of every poverty-stricken wretch who dwelleth in the parish."

"And there be many such about just now," said Amy; "scarcely a day, indeed, doth pass that I meet them not in my daily walks, all torn and wretched, and wanting (so they tell me) in the merest necessities for the preserving of their lives."

"Thou wilt not be troubled by their complaints much longer, Amy," replied the young priest sadly; "for even now, as I am informed, the Lords and Commons have put forth a law, by which any man found loitering three days on the highways shall be branded with the letter V upon his breast, and, with an iron ring around his leg, be compelled to serve as a very slave (and liable to the scourge) the caitiff who hath informed against him."

"Ah me, what a cruel law!" sighed Amy. "And dost thou mean, my brother, that women and little children,—for there do be even more of them than of the stronger sex abroad,—dost thou mean that they also be held subject to this so barbarous a statute?"

"I know not, my sister, but I can guess; for the law of this once so generous land knows now no difference of age or sex in regard to its decrees. And bethink thee, Amy, they who have devised this monstrous law are the very men who have made it needful, by dividing among themselves the substance that would have more than satisfied the requirements of the mendicant. Bethink thee well of this, and thou wilt no more find cause to wonder that I, a priest of the living God,—of a God, too, who looks with an especial love upon the lowly and the poor,—should refuse to wink at any measure that tends even indirectly to expose their persons to such cruel and unchristian handling."

"A priest of the living God!" repeated Amy, as if that word alone had struck upon her ear; "how passing strange that soundeth,—that thou, who art but a few years older than myself, and with whom I have played so familiarly in my childhood,—that thou shouldst be a priest of the living God! Brother, there is something surely most awful in the thought!"

“Hardly so awful to thee as it is to me, my Amy ; for I best know mine own unworthiness ; and while I look upon the mirror of my soul, darkened as it is by sin and weakness, I tremble to think that for the due fulfilment of mine holy office it ought to be even as a cloudless sea, reflecting in the eyes of my people the purity and perfections of the Almighty Father Himself.”

“A priest of the living God !” Amy again repeated, her mind still clinging to the epithet which had so forcibly struck her imagination. “And thou hast sung the Mass already, Bernard ?”

“But once,” replied the young priest, voice and eye both thrilling and brightening in his deep emotion. “But once have I stood before the altar ; but once have I called upon my God to render obedience to the voice of His weak and lowly creature ; but once, dear Amy, once ; and thou mayest believe me, it was a wondrous moment,—so wondrous, that even now my soul is thrilling in awe to think of the mystery that was then accomplished, and of mine own unworthiness to be its agent.”

“Thou shalt tell me of it, brother,” said Amy, sinking quietly on her knees beside him, with such a look as a child might have given while listening to the exhortations of its mother ;—“thou shalt tell me of it ; for thou alone of all I listen to dost seem to have a certain rule and knowledge of the faith thou holdest ; and gladly in thy faith would I strengthen mine. Thou shalt tell me, then, all that thou wert feeling in the awful moment of the consecration.”

“Would that I could, my sister ; for then wouldst thou easily acquire a faith strong as was that of the holy maiden Agnes, who, ere she yielded her to the headsman’s axe, did seek in the Sacrament of Life so to renew her strength, as that the blood of her Master might banish the pallor of natural fear from her cheeks. Would, indeed, that thou couldst feel as I felt then when I stood at the altar,—a weak and sinful mortal, with men whom I knew to be far less sinful than myself beside me, and the angels around me, hanging as it were in breathless suspense upon my words, and the majesty of God Himself suspended above my head, and waiting on my bidding ; or, as I felt later still, when the word of power had passed my lips, and the King of heaven and earth, obedient to the mandate, came forth from the angelic choirs to place Himself in my hands, and I stood there, rapt, entranced, and overshadowed by the very presence of the Godhead ;—heart and soul and body bowed down before Him in love and adoration more profound than if He had come, as He did to the

Israelites of old, in visible clouds of fire. Yea, my sister, more profound and prostrate far; for, believe me, God is most awful when He seems most lowly; and never have we greater need to tremble than when He comes to us in the hour of His condescension."

"Thy words find an echo in my soul, dear brother; would that I had been there beside thee! And this was thy first Mass, Bernard? Now tell me, I pray thee, of thy second."

"I have not said it yet, dear Amy; the rather that I have reserved it for the church to which henceforth my life will be devoted,—my bride, my spouse, my only love!—the little poor church of Owslebury, which is none the less dear to me for the knowledge that there were our parents conjoined in holy wedlock; and there they ever worshipped; and to its baptismal font they carried me first, and afterwards their little Amy, that we might be made the children of that great mother for whose faith both of them since have suffered, and one, indeed, has died."

"But thou wilt not go there to-morrow," whispered Amy; "O my brother, thou wilt not surely go there so soon?"

"And wherefore not, sweet Amy? Is not to-morrow the Sabbath-day? and while my people are pining for the bread of life, shall I, their pastor, refuse to break it to them? Surely thou canst never wish to burden my conscience with so great a sin?"

"But, Bernard, I would fain remind thee,—and yet surely thou must already be acquainted with the prohibition which the late Protector issued anent the celebration of the Mass—"

"That priests should no longer use the Latin missal; but should do the service (such as they have made it) out of the new-fangled compilation which Lords and Commons—inspired, they would fain force us to believe, by the Holy Spirit—thrust instead upon the altar."

"An if thou knowest so much," resumed the girl, "thou needest not my telling as to the penalties that are attached to thy disobedience."

"I know, my sister,—a fine, ruinous even to a rich man, for the first offence; life-long imprisonment for the third."

"This prohibition hath had effect already in all the churches of the land," said Amy; "only Owslebury hath been excepted by reason of the death of the last incumbent, after that the Lord Bishop of Winchester had been sent to prison; and until thy coming, brother, none other had there been appointed in his stead."

"All this I know already, Amy; though I cannot guess whither thy words are tending."

"Sir Henry will be there to-morrow, and doubtless will gladly seize on an excuse so goodly as this open violation of the law will give him to avenge his quarrel concerning the manor of Twyford on thee. Now, if thou wouldst but wait even one little month, my Bernard, his anger might pass away; or some other chance might interpose between you twain; or—who can say?—my influence, if once fairly put in competition, might be found to outweigh even that of Mistress Katherine herself, and might induce him to surrender this his so unhappy claim on the just properties of the Church."

"And for so poor a chance as this, thou wouldst have me lapse for an entire month in my bounden duty as a priest. Bethink thee, Amy, to what a deed thine own tenderness would commit thy brother; and remember that the Good Shepherd giveth his life for his flock, while the hireling seeth the wolf and fleeth."

"Life!" repeated Amy, with a shudder. "An you love me, brother, say not that so fearful word again; nor, in sooth, is it suitable to thy case at all, seeing that in this new law, however otherwise hard and cruel, there is naught that toucheth the life of the transgressor."

Bernard paused a moment ere he answered. He was, in fact, weighing in his own mind the various chances for him and against him. He knew far better than Amy could how much the life of any man found in open violation of the most trivial ordinance concerning the Church, as it was then by law established, was at the mercy of those who were interested in rendering that Church triumphant. He knew also that Sir Henry had friends among the men just then in power who would gladly bear him scatheless through any deed of darkness against a priest of the ancient Church that it might suit him to accomplish; and he knew besides, for certain, that of which Amy had but a vague suspicion, namely, that the influence of a clever and vindictive woman was at that very moment engaged in working out his ruin—even that same Mistress Katherine whom his sister Amy had so often mentioned, and who, being first cousin to Sir Henry, and niece, of course, to the Lady Seymour, under whose guardianship his own childhood and that of Amy had been passed, possessed opportunities for the purpose of which she was not likely to be either slow or scrupulous in availing herself.

"In troth, my sister," he said at length, willing to allay, at any rate for the time being, her evident anxiety, "it was but a braggart trick of mine to talk of life-risk, seeing that,

as thou sayest, no such penalty is attached to the infringement of this law."

"But it does attach a prison to it," murmured Amy. "And woe is me! few there are come forth to freedom who once have entered the prisons of this so ill-named merrie England. It does attach a prison to it, brother. And how may I walk the earth in freedom while thou art pining in a life-long dungeon?"

"Nay, an it should be even as thou sayest, Amy," replied the young priest, with a smile that was well-nigh seraphic in beauty of expression,—*"an it be as thou sayest, my chain shall rivet thy loose wavering faith; and in my blood, if my blood perchance should flow, thy soul shall renew its youth till it soar like an eagle to the very sun!"*

"Again, brother, thou talkest in that so fearful strain, as if thou wert already a martyr in prospect or desire. But, beshrew my memory—I had well-nigh forgotten!—the Lady Seymour, when she found I was about to seek thee here, charged me with a billet, of which she made some mystery; bidding me look to it well, and not deliver it until very certainly thou and I were alone together."

"The Lady Seymour! A good and noble-minded lady," said Bernard reverently; "though she too, alas, hath somewhat drunk from the poisoned well-spring of religious controversy. Natheless hath she, howbeit in other things misguided, such a native rectitude of soul about her, as that it contents me much to feel that, whatever may betide thy brother, thou at least art safe in her maternal care; feeling, as I do, well assured that she never will in aught compel thee against thy conscience or thy wishes."

"Thou hast forgotten her epistle in this enumeration of her merits, brother," Amy hastily broke in, a sudden blush suffusing her face even to the temples. And thus admonished, Bernard broke the string, and ran his eye over the unfolded paper, while his young sister watched him with an anxiety she had no power to conceal.

"What says the noble lady?" she at last ventured to ask, seeing that his eye had reached the last line of the written page, and that he had folded it up and put it in his vest with the air of one who had forgotten her very presence in the deep thoughts that its contents had awakened.

"What says she, Amy?" he answered, rousing himself from his reverie,—*"what says she? Naught but what is good and kind, in that most resemblant to herself. She says that she hath ever loved thee as a child, for the sake of the friend who in thy infancy confided thee to her keeping. Nay,*

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she doth also hint, my sister, that she would rejoice to have thee for her daughter by another and yet firmer title ; albeit she never will permit Sir Henry or any other to trouble thee or constrain thy feelings."

"Constrain them," murmured the young girl softly. "Brother, I have concealed naught from thee ; and thou knowest that to wed Sir Henry would not be altogether to constrain them."

She hid her face in her hands as she made this half-avowal, and so she could not see the look of loving pity which her brother cast upon her ; just such a look it was as a guardian-angel might have bent over the weak and erring mortal committed to his keeping.

"Thou hast hinted to me so much already ; and I thank thee for thy candour, mine own Amy. But alas that it should be so indeed, or that I should have been powerless to prevent this long residence under the same roof with one whose wild and lawless character,—whose faithless desertion of the religion of his fathers,—whose reckless ambition, and whose rapacious grasping at the property of the Church, forebodes little happiness to the woman whose fate shall be linked with his. Strange, that in all my fears and anxieties for thee, never did this one evil present itself to my imagination ; nor for a moment did I dream, when setting forth on my travels for the eternal city, that I had left thee at the side of one who, in part at least, had power to rob thee of thy peace of mind ere I should again behold thee."

"The Lady Seymour has ever said,"—here Amy interposed, replying in true woman fashion first to the attack upon her lover's character, and doing it in such a way as showed she yet retained some smothered hope within her bosom that her brother might be induced to alter his own opinion on the subject,—“the Lady Seymour has ever said, that she did look to her son's union with a woman who might rule him by his strong affections (and they are strong, Bernard, albeit perchance you do not think it) for the better and more decent ordering of his future life."

"An if his affection for his wife constrained him (though I greatly doubt it would) to do such violence to his lawless nature as the more decent ordering of his life would prove—still, Amy, still there would be his religion—the religion of interest and not conviction ; still his unjust appropriation of the revenues of the Church, to mar and invade the sanctity of thy union. For O, believe me, my gentle sister, God's blessing never will descend upon the fruits of sacrilege ; and children yet unborn there be who will mourn in bitter-

ness and grief of heart the day when their forefathers dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon the riches of the sanctuary."

"Alas, my brother, I also do believe it well," the young girl replied; and though he could not see her face, Bernard knew by the sound of her voice that she was weeping.

"Poor lamb," he murmured, "hard and cruel doth it seem to bid thee thus rudely put aside these first fair dawnings of thy maidenly affections; and yet God is my witness that I would not grieve thee, Amy, if otherwise I could do my duty by thee; and yet still must I repeat, my sister, that if thou dost not stand firm and stedfast in this matter, thy life will be one long hopeless sacrifice to such an inauspicious union. But tell me, Amy, hath he not sought thine assent to his proposals yet more positively than erst since we two last spoke together on the matter?"

Amy nodded her head in token of assent; so he went on with earnest and evidently increasing anxiety:

"And thou, my Amy, hast thou had the fortitude to deny him—to say him nay; faithful to the promise my duty impelled me to demand of thee on that day when thou first didst breathe the secret of his as yet scarcely-avowed affections in mine ear?"

"Ay, brother, of a verity thou hast had thine own way in the ordaining of this matter," said Amy, both voice and manner tinged with the slightest possible shade of that bitterness which a woman can rarely choose but feel towards those who are crossing her path in love, even when reason acknowledges the rectitude of their motives,—“ay, brother, thou hast had thine own way, albeit he did swear (so solemnly, that, for the nonce at least, I could scarcely but believe him)—swear that he would turn him from his evil ways the moment thy poor Amy might be brought to look with favour upon his suit.”

"And said he naught of restoring the ill-gotten pelf by which he and his, taking undue advantage of the sore troubles of the Church, have contrived to enrich themselves withal?"

"In sooth, my brother, he did say naught like that," Amy answered frankly, albeit with some slight reluctance visible in her manner. "Rather he did maintain—and not without some show of reason, it almost seemed to me—that the Church being far too rich already for the well-being of the state, or even for the due maintenance of discipline among her own ministers, it became the bounden duty of our temporal rulers to relieve her of that superfluity of wealth which impugned her mission as the Church of a poor and suffering Saviour."

"And he hinted nothing, Amy, of the crowds of poor

who, at the convent-gate or the presbytery of the priest, were accustomed to seek for their daily bread? St. Mary aid them! but they might look for it long enow, I trow, at the hands of the steel-clad baron of Harry's reign, or the yet more heathen men of silk who flock to the court of Edward. But what answer hadst thou for this cunning sophist, Amy,—this great controvertist, who first invents his own objections, and then so wonderfully beats them to the ground?"

"Nay, my brother, I can hardly tell thee. But I spoke as the moment prompted; and all the more unkindly, I do fear me, for that I felt my heart inclining towards him, and I had to veil my real feelings from his knowledge."

"Now praise be to the blessed Mary that thou hast had such courage, Amy! And trust me, my gentle sister, however hard this trial may seem to thee in the present, the day will come—nay, perchance even it is not far distant—when thou wilt thank this sweet mother of the young and pure on thy bended knees, for that she obtained thee grace to do rightly in this matter. But how took he this denial of his suit, my Amy?"

"Not too kindly, as thou mayest imagine, Bernard. In good troth he was exceeding wroth, and did utter in his passion such hard and cruel things against thee, as that my heart was sore afraid; knowing how easily he might seize upon the pretext of thy intended violation of the law to-morrow to avenge him of his private wrongs, or that at all events which he holds as such."

"He will do that which God permitteth, Amy; just so much, and no more, can he or any other man against me. And I must e'en accomplish the duties of my so holy office; albeit, like Zacharias, I should be slain for it between the horns of the altar. This is only my devoir, as thou knowest, as the son and servant of holy Church our mother. But while I am thus ready for the fulfilment of mine, wilt thou not also, Amy, find courage to do thine as well, by continuing to shun all union with this man of sacrilege and bloody mind, even though thy brother be no longer at thy side urging thee to such denial?"

"Have I not already done so?" Amy asked reproachfully; "then wherefore dost thou doubt me, brother?"

"Because I know, dear child, that thy woman's heart is pleading much against thy woman's reason; and I fear me greatly that with thy sex the first-named too often hath the victory. Nay, my Amy, if thou wilt permit me so to say, I fear it all the more in thy case, because that thy faith too plainly has been weakened by the heretical associations amid which

thy life has perforce been spent ; and therefore do I much mis-doubt me that when I am no longer at thy side to prompt thee, thou wilt have the courage to adopt that line of conduct by which alone, in such evil times as these, the faith of a young and tender maiden can be preserved."

"My faith grows strong enough as I sit beside thee, Bernard ; for thy words are still the same ; and what thou hast said to-day I know thou wilt say on the morrow, and the next day too, if so be thou art called upon to speak it. But at Marwell it is altogether different ; and there I do confess to thee my mind doth often wander, and my fancy gets bewildered, amid the ever-new and ever-changing creeds of the guests who do come and go."

"Heed them not, I beseech thee, sister. But while they, like unruly swine, do toss the precious pearl of God's Word hither and thither with most irreverent facility, do thou remember that faith would not be faith if its dogmas were explainable by human reason. In what is the difference between the two, I pray thee, if it consist not in this : that by reason we hold fast to that which we see and comprehend ; while by faith we ascend yet higher, and learn to trust in God rather than ourselves, by the accepting of His word and wisdom in preference to our own ? But hark ! it is the Angelus. Wilt thou not say one *Ave* with me, Amy ?"

Even as he was speaking, he reverently uncovered his head, and brother and sister stood up to pray ; but long after the last words of the angelic salutation had died upon his lips, Bernard remained with his eyes upraised to heaven, and his hand pressed affectionately on Amy's head, as if in the depths and silence of his soul he were still recommending her to that sweet Virgin Mother in whose house the bells were chiming.

Amy's thoughts were the first to return to earth ; and as she glanced from the dark old yew-tree, with its tribute graves around it, up towards the smiling meadows, and rose and woodbine covered cottages of the pretty village on the hill, while her delighted ears drank in the sweet melody of the evening-bells, now dying away softly and tenderly in the distance, she could not refrain from murmuring, rather, however, to herself than to her brother :

"St. Mary, how sweetly do those chimes ring out ! Of a verity, Sir Henry said well the other evening, when he pronounced them the sweetest peal of bells the country around could boast of."

"Ay," replied her brother, his quick ear catching the last words of this soliloquy ; "but said he well, my sister, when he added, in private to his lady-mother, as she herself

hath lately told me, that such tones betokened a much mingling of silver in their composition; and that he would surely have the bells of Twyford in the smelting-pot ere long, for the sake of the precious metals which he counted on thereby extracting from their substance?"

"Did he say that?" cried Amy, in a tone of unfeigned vexation. "Now beshrew him for a rude barbarian, to think of destroying a peal that for ages hath been the pride of Twyford, and that even now, to my poor thinking, rings out the praises of the Blessed Mary sweeter than any lady in this land could sing them. Nay, Bernard, I could find it in my heart to hate him as he did such a malapert trick as that."

"Alack, my sister," replied the priest, "and hast thou ever thought to weigh the magnitude of even such a robbery as this with that which Sir Henry hath already done on the revenues of the Church?—revenues which she nathless held far less for the benefit of her clergy than for that of the parishes they served. A third for the poor, the widow, and the orphan; a third for the good ordering and repairing of the church; a third for the priest: it was so the mandate ran, until the robber-bands of Harry first, and now of Edward, diverted the stream from its destined course! Alas, alas, while thou art weeping for the bells of Twyford, because they made sweet music to thine ears, mine own are filled, and my heart is heavy, with the wail of those who from this day forth shall come to me for their daily bread; and I, their father by mine holy office, shall have none to give them!"

"Thou wert ever better than I, dear Bernard—more thoughtful, more steady to the rule that led thee, looking always to the real thing; while I went vainly dancing after shadows. But from henceforth thou shalt have no more need to complain of thy poor Amy; for I promise thee (father and brother both, as thou art, in one),—I promise thee most strict obedience; nor will I hold even the most trifling intercourse, if thou dost not wish it, with this greedy despoiler of Christ's cherished poor."

"It is well, my sister; and if I hold thee to this covenant, trust me, it will be for thine own sweet sake alone, and for the sake of no one else, I do so. Nor would I willingly have thee think, my Amy, that because I dwell mostly upon more weighty matters, I therefore look lightly on this unkindly robbing of our village-bells; the which, in sooth, I do love perchance even more than thou dost, sith they were the friends and companions of my childish years, long ere thou wert old enough to hold converse with me. Yea, in sooth, and I do yet remember me of many a fair and happy evening when I

did sit 'neath this old yew-tree, listening to their music, and musing all the while, in boyish fashion, on the time when I should follow Mary's footsteps by offering her Divine Son upon the altar, even as she did once (sweet mournful Mother that she was) from the rood where He was dying. But we have out-talked the very chimes; and methinks the shadows whisper it were time thou wert safely housed. Give my humble duty to the Lady Seymour, and—but tarry yet a moment; here is a paper on which I have set forth certain of my wishes with regard to thee, in case all things go not smoothly on the morrow. It is intended for her eye alone; wherefore see that none other be in presence when it is delivered to her. And now farewell, sweet child—a long farewell!—perchance for ever! Think sometimes of that weighty matter on which we have this day together taken counsel; and be sure that, whether in this world or in that better one towards which I trust we both are wending, my most earnest prayer shall be still for thee, that Christ and His dear Mother may love thee, and have thee in their holy keeping.”

His voice was thrilling in his deep emotion as he uttered these few parting words; and he would have willingly moved away to hide such unusual agitation, had not Amy held him fast, exclaiming,

“In sooth, my brother, I *will* have thy blessing this time: twice, at any rate, thou shalt not defraud me.”

Bernard looked for a moment, as if he were about to deny her; but when she knelt down before him, looking beseechingly into his eyes, he yielded as it were to an irresistible impulse of affection, first laid both hands upon her head, and then, murmuring a fervent benediction the while, he stooped to her fair uplifted brow, and impressed a kiss of brotherly and fatherly love upon it.

It was the last embrace brother and sister ever gave each other. When they next met—but we must not anticipate our story.

[To be continued.]

Review.

THE KINGDOM AND PEOPLE OF SIAM.

The Kingdom and People of Siam. By Sir John Bowring, F.R.S., her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China.

WHILE we write, the author of the volumes before us, Sir John Bowring, Knight, Doctor of Laws, Governor of Hong Kong, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China, is undergoing, in all probability, a sharp and bitter lesson on the mutability of human friendships. Very likely he finds it even more difficult of digestion than the pinch of arsenic wherewith A-Lum, baker, of the flowery nation (O most ominous conjunction of name, trade, and country!), or one of his assistants, thought fit to season the hot rolls of the Fan-kwei, the foreign devils. A-Lum, we are told, as it seems in error, was to be sent to join his ancestors with Buddha by the exhibition of a dose of lead, in return for this patriotic administration of the more expensive metal; and no doubt time and the physician will, in due course, remove the painful effects of the attack on the stomach of the envoy; but the poison of the arrows winged by Sir John's own familiar friends will rankle for years in the core of his heart.

In that most august assemblage, the Commons of England, Heaven help the man who is down! and yet, to keep one's legs there, it needs all the dignity of Henry Drummond, the amenity of John Bright, the modesty of Cobden, the eloquence of Malins, the lucidity of Gladstone, the depth of Spooner, the straightforwardness of Disraeli, and the gravity of my Lord Palmerston, combined in one individual. But leave the House and the country, on a distant and most arduous mission, for which you fondly hope you have prepared yourself by years of study and labour; and no sooner shall your back be turned, than the Sir Benjamin Backbites and Mrs. Candours at Westminster will be nibbling at your reputation, sneering at your abilities, misconstruing your actions, and questioning your motives. Your honour will be as surely attacked in political coteries, as that of Diana herself at a tea-table of dowagers in a country-town. Unluckily for himself, poor Sir John forgot a threadbare axiom; the quondam secretary of the association for the manufacture and sale of peace neglected to prepare for the rivalry which was pretty sure to introduce a more stimulating article into the market he was

about to vacate. He little thought that, while he was (as yet) *not* bombarding Canton, his dearly-beloved fellow-Benthamites at home were bombarding him with every missile that would suit the calibre of their mortars; that while he was exchanging broadsheets, not broadsides, with dove-like Commissioner Yeh, he himself was being immolated as a sacrifice to an abortive party dodge. Well; it is the way of the world, which works out a rude sort of justice; and the literary potentate is not without his faults, so let it pass. *Revenons à nos moutons*; for we are not going to discuss the Chinese question.

Geography and the use of the globes (whatever that may be) are the special property of school-girls in the bread-and-butter stage of their existence. Ten to one, if an examination be instituted, which is a difficult matter, Miss Alicia shall make fritters of her great lout of a brother Tom, whose all-round collar and fluffy upper lip engage such small remnant of his brains as iambs and hexameters have left unaddled. We are free to confess, that as Alicia expands into crinoline and comes out, her geographical acquirements will collapse and go in; so that by the time she is in possession of a bunch of keys and a *ménage*, she will hardly remember more than enough to correct her pudding-head of a husband. But to nine men out of ten not engaged in Anglo-Indian commerce, the mention of Siam calls up nothing more than a hazy vision of white elephants and golden umbrellas, of diamonds and dark skins, abdominal crucial incisions and runnings "a-muck;" the "properties" supplied by a reminiscence of the *Island of Jewels* at the Lyceum, the locality "somewhere in the east." This is doing the kingdom of Siam great injustice. In the first place, it has a population more numerous than that of many European states of no small importance—at least in their own estimation; secondly, more happy than all the Russias in their possession of a single czar, it is governed by a couple of autocrats at a time, king first and king second, one single gentleman rolled into two; thirdly, it boasts "institutions" like the United and other highly civilised States,—for slavery exists with a systematised and extended organisation; fourthly, it rejoices in an intricate legislative code in no less than seventy volumes, as intelligible, probably, as the statutes at large; fifthly, it is happy in a state religion, which is perhaps not so very inferior to some others which are present to our mind's eye; sixthly, it has cultivated the theory and practice of taxation to a nineteenth-century pitch of perfection; and seventhly, and to conclude, it has just inaugurated the first instalment of a free-trade policy, under the auspices of the British envoy. Who shall

say, after such a catalogue, that its history, past, present, and to come, is not worth studying?

Sir John Bowring has, in truth, given us a very valuable and interesting work; not the mere record of a well-managed and successful endeavour to negotiate a treaty of commerce, but such a one, on the whole, as we had a right to expect from a man who has fairly earned a great reputation in the field of letters, and whose career hitherto, as a servant of the Government, has been by no means undistinguished in the annals of diplomacy. The first volume he devotes to the geography, history, government, and peoples of Siam and its dependencies; the second is principally occupied by an account of the various European missions which have from time to time attempted to communicate with its rulers, and by the personal narrative of his own visit, with the text of the treaty concluded by his means. To our taste, the first volume is the more interesting. The author's extensive reading has enabled him to digest the information to be found in former writers; and he has so freely availed himself of the permission given him by Bishop Pallegoix to make use of that prelate's *Description du royaume Thai ou Siam*, that Catholic readers can without difficulty apply a corrective where conclusions have been biased by his own political or religious opinions. Bishop Pallegoix may almost be said, in fact, to supply the backbone of the book.

The exact boundaries of Siam cannot be accurately defined, since they continually vary, as in most oriental states, with the chances of war; the sovereign governs "as much and as far as he is able." Its present length is about 1200 miles; its greatest breadth about 350. It exercises rights of vassalage over the whole district of Laos, the mountain tribes of the north and east portions of the Malay peninsula, and the kingdom of Cambodia. The latter sovereignty is also claimed by the emperor of Cochin China; and the Cambodian prince, unable to resist either of his powerful neighbours, pays tribute to both. Siam proper is a vast plain, watered by a noble river, the Meinam, or "mother of waters," which takes its rise in the mountains of Yunnan in China, and after a course of 800 miles, rolls a magnificent tide into the Gulf of Siam. This great valley is rich with alluvial deposit left by the annual inundation, which covers, possibly, an area of 12,000 square miles. Bangkok, the present capital, is situated on the banks of the river, and about thirty miles from the mouth. Ayuthia, the ancient seat of government, is considerably higher up. It was founded in 1351; and, from the abundance of its canals and palaces, was called by early travellers

the oriental Venice; but in 1751 was devastated by the Burmese; and the only visible remains are ruined temples hidden in the trees and jungle, which have buried them in the fantastic luxuriance of tropical vegetation. The modern city is mostly composed of floating dwellings, and contains not less than from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants. Bishop Pallegoix visited the district above Ayuthia, but in the rainy season, when he found it little better than a desert, "a few huts by the side of the stream,—neither towns, nor soldiers, nor custom-houses." He made acquaintance, however, with a little family-party, consisting of a mandarin and his dozen wives; and the great man took the opportunity of seeking information about Christianity, which pleased him mightily, until he was told that the Catholic faith allowed but one wife, when he closed the controversy declaring *that* to be an impossible condition. In one of the villages a wife was pressed on a missionary; but finding the gift unacceptable, the lady was gallantly exchanged for two youths, who proved faithful servants. Accounts of the interior of Siam are necessarily fragmentary and imperfect; for the difficulties and embarrassments of travel are extreme amid its dense forests, where fire and hatchet alone can open a path: but still much that is valuable will be found in the bishop's *description*, and scattered in the *Annales de la Propagation*; the missionaries having penetrated in many directions. They bear testimony to the general excellence of the climate, which, for a tropical region teeming with vegetable life, and subject to periodical inundations, is decidedly salubrious. Notwithstanding its sovereign claims over many other dependent states, Siam itself pays nominal tribute to China, sending every three years an envoy to Peking; but the Chinese government interferes in no way with that of Siam, nor do the Chinese settlers enjoy any special privileges or immunities.

The Siamese begin their annals about five centuries before the Christian era, and place their ancestors among the first disciples of Buddha. Up to the founding of Ayuthia, traditional legends and fables take the place of history; but after that time, the succession of sovereigns and the course of events are recorded with tolerable accuracy. It appears a very difficult task to give the correct names of the kings, since the native authorities employ various designations, some of which are but vague enunciations of the royal rank; the Siamese theory being, that the name of a king is too sacred to be uttered. The prefix *Phra* is very usual. Sir John Bowring considers it to be derived from, or of common origin with, the "Pharaoh" of antiquity; and it is given in Siamese

dictionaries as synonymous with God, ruler, priest, teacher, being the word which to the popular mind expresses sovereignty and sanctity. From Bishop Pallegoix he translates a *Chronology of the Kingdom of Siam*, in two parts; the first entitled the *Annals of the Northern Kingdom*, which is the fabulous history from about the time of Buddha Phra Khôdom, to the founding of Ayuthia, or Iuthia; the second continues the narrative to the present day. The reigning "first" king is an English scholar, and indeed a person of great literary acquirements; and his notes on the bishop's performances (which of course are principally compiled from native authors) are worth quoting. The first part, he says,

"Is prepared and printed by Bishop Pallegoix, according to a book which he has read from one book of an author; but there are other books of the ancient Siamese histories which are otherwise, and which the Bishop J. Pallegoix does not know; but they are full of feable, and are not in satisfaction for believe."

Of the second he says :

"It was also prepared and printed by Bishop Pallegoix, according to the books written by a party of authors. There are other books and statements of old men said differently in other wise; but the reign and number of late kings very correct. All names of cities and place, and kings, very uncorrect, as they were got from corrupted sounds of pronouncing of Sanskrit of the ignorant teacher, and not accort the knowledge of literature in Siam. The teachers of the author are not persons of royal service, do not know the proper names of kings," &c.

The records themselves are thoroughly oriental in character, abounding in accounts of successive invasions of Burma, Pegu, Laos, and Cochin China, with the heavy retaliations exacted in turn; the whole varied by the usual intestine struggles for power, and the detail of cruelties practised on the vanquished. The last great expedition was made in the reign of the elder brother and predecessor of the present king, who ravaged the Laos country in 1828. The unhappy Prince of Laos fled to Cochin China; but was given up to "Phra Nang-klau chau yu Acca," the conqueror, who brought him to Bangkok, and put him in an iron cage, exposed to the burning sun. In the cage with him were placed "a large mortar to pound him in, a large boiler to boil him in, a hook to hang him by, and a sword to decapitate him; also a sharp-pointed spike for him to sit on. His children were sometimes put in along with him. He was a mild, respectable-looking, old, gray-headed man, and did not live long to gratify his tormentors." So much for the customs of war in

the eastern peninsula. A long letter, containing "the particular narrative, or ancient true occurrence, of the present dynasity reigning upon Siam," and written by the king himself at the request of Sir John Bowring, is well worth notice, both on account of its subject-matter, and as a specimen of the royal progress in the acquirement of European languages and ideas. It concludes, "My name in Siam is Phra Chowklau chau yu hua, and I bear the Sanskrit name as ever signed in my several letters S. P. P. M. Mongkut, incontract that are, Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, rex Siemensium." The Chinese records relating to Siam extend much farther back than any authentic records derivable from other sources; and Mr. Wade, the acting Chinese secretary to the superintendency, has supplied our author with a valuable contribution in the shape of an abstract. Possibly his readers will stop, as we did, and gasp for breath, when they come to a paragraph commencing thus: "In 1673, King Shānlitpaklapchiukulungpimahulukwansz sent tribute by way of Tagapuoï, and prayed that an officer should be despatched to invest him," &c. If the royal person at all accorded with the name, all the silk in China would hardly have sufficed for the purpose.

The population of Siam, according to Bishop Pallegoix, is about 6,000,000, thus composed :

Siamese proper (the T'hai race)	.	1,900,000
Chinese	1,500,000
Laosians	1,000,000
Malays	1,000,000
Cambodians	500,000
Peguans	50,000
Kareens, Honges, &c.	50,000
		<hr/>
		6,000,000

This is only an approximation, being five times the amount of the official census, which includes neither old men, women, nor children. The population is probably nearly stationary, from various causes; the chief being the number of bonzes (or talapoins) living in celibacy, the fact that male slaves are not permitted to marry, and the prodigious portion of women who are childless in consequence of the practice of polygamy. The Chinese immigrants are nearly all males, a Chinese woman rarely leaving her country; and when they intermarry, the Chinese type predominates in the children. They preserve their own nationality and language, their own costume and religious usages, their own traditions and social organisa-

tion. Their active and business habits tell strongly in their favour among the indolent Siamese race; and as a consequence they absorb nine-tenths of the trade of the capital, Bangkok, where they number some two thousand. The Laos people are gentle in character, and passionately attached to music, in which art they appear, indeed, to have attained a certain excellence appreciable by ears cultivated in the European taste. The Malays rank next to the Chinese in the spirit of adventure, and far surpass them in nautical skill. They are mostly Mahomedans, but notwithstanding they assimilate more readily to the Siamese habits and manners than the Chinese settlers. The Cambodians, many of whom are in a state of vassalage in Siam proper, resemble the Siamese, but are less advanced in civilisation. In Cambodia itself, the Church made considerable progress two centuries ago, and still numbers about five hundred souls, under a vicar-apostolic, Bishop Miche, whose acquaintance, says Sir John Bowring,

“ I had the pleasure of making in Bangkok, whither he had come for health. He seemed earnestly devoted to his work, careless of privations, dangers, and sufferings. He had lately traversed the perilous jungle, where, day after day and night after night, he found scarcely the trace of man; no succour, no shelter; the elephants which conveyed him making their way through the scarcely-ever traversed forests. But, though oppressed with lassitude and sickness, I heard no complaint: his path of duty seemed clear before him, and in that he resolutely walked. It is impossible to look on the dedication of these missionary wanderers to the task allotted them by their master without wonder and admiration. No amount of labour or of privation, no menace of peril, persecution, or even death, diverts them from their onward, but often darksome, way.”

We give this extract at length, not only as a tribute of respect to one of the glorious band which is continually adding confessors and martyrs to the roll of the Church, but to bespeak a reasonable amount of favour for the man who, involved in the meshes of diplomatic service, can so feel and write. Peguans, Kareens, Hongs, the Lawa, and the Ka, make up the rest of the population; and of these the most remarkable are the Kareens, who are held to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of Siam, who abandoned the country when the Thai race invaded it, and built the city of Ayuthia. They are robust and agile, but mild and pleasing in physiognomy, especially the women. They are migratory; building bamboo huts, ascended by a rude ladder, for temporary use. They have no books, nor written laws, electing chiefs who exercise paternal but not hereditary sway; they have no

priests or religious forms; believe simply in a good and evil spirit, and supplicate the latter only. They are sober, trustworthy, and truthful, and polygamy is unknown among them.

Returning to the order in which Sir John Bowring arranges his materials, we now come to a chapter headed "Manners, customs, superstitions, amusements." This commences with extracts from the writings of the earlier historians and travellers, whose narratives, it is stated, retain much interest, from the fact that the habits and customs of the Siamese have undergone few changes from the time of the first intercourse of Europeans down to the present hour. We prefer to give a notion of the existing state of affairs as afforded by modern travellers, and especially by the missionaries, who, beyond a doubt, have enjoyed a hundred-fold more opportunities of forming a trustworthy judgment of the objects of their pious labours, than more temporary visitors, with a political or commercial end in view. M. Bruguière, Bishop of Capu, coadjutor of the Vicar-Apostolic of Siam, says that the Siamese character "is gentle, light, inconsiderate, timid, and gay. They avoid disputes and whatever produces anger or impatience. They are idle, inconstant, fond of amusement; a nothing excites, a nothing distracts their attention." Monseigneur Pallegoix endorses this opinion, and adds, that they are almost passionless, liberal almsgivers, severe in enforcing decorum in the relations between the sexes, sharp and witty in conversation, and resemble the Chinese in their aptitude for imitation. Sir John Bowring saw enough to convince him that affection between parents and children was mutual and strong. The mendacity characteristic of Orientals is not, according to his experience, a national defect among the Siamese, whose unusual frankness as to matters of fact is noticeable. Of China, and other parts of the East, on the contrary, he observes:

"My experience predisposes me to receive with doubt and distrust any statement of a nature when any the smallest interests would be promoted by falsehood. Nay, I have often observed that there is a fear of truth, *as truth*, lest its discovery should lead to consequences of which the inquirer never dreams, *but which are present to the mind of the person under interrogation.*"

This is clearly the true explanation of the inveterate habit of lying which pervades the mass of the people, not only in eastern, but in all countries under the pressure of an absolutely despotic form of government. Suicide is rare, and murder also, not one on an average occurring in the year. Humanity to animals is a religious obligation.

The Siamese are fond of a stimulating diet, curries hot enough to skin a European mouth being an habitual dish. Fish "in the earlier stages of putridity" is mixed with capsicums, chilies, cocoa-nut milk, sugar, and so forth. Proverbs, therefore, are not true all the world over; for it can be no blunder to cry stinking fish in Siam. The use of tea is as general as in China; and the superior civilisation of the Chinese settlers has introduced the two curses of arak and opium. The former is consumed furtively, though sobriety remains a national virtue; but the use of opium is greatly extending, notwithstanding heavy fines, degrading punishments, and the exertions of the missionaries to check so fatal an indulgence. The chewing of the areca-nut with fresh betel-leaves, and the pink chunam, or coloured quicklime, is universal, and also the smoking of tobacco. Betel-chewing blackens the teeth, which is considered a recommendation; and it is said to be a preservative of the enamel, when used without an undue quantity of lime. The Siamese are great bathers, and cleanly in personal habits. Wives and concubines are kept in any number, according to the wealth or will of the husband (the late king had 700 wives); but the wife who has been the object of the marriage ceremony takes precedence, and is the sole legitimate spouse, she and her descendants being the only legal heirs of her husband's possessions. On the whole, the condition of woman is better than in most oriental countries.

The women have little education saving in the art of music, but attend principally to domestic affairs. The use of the needle is not much required, as the Siamese dress, on most occasions, is a single piece of cloth. There is a terrible and extraordinary usage connected with childbirth, and the prejudice in its favour is so strong, that the king himself has vainly endeavoured to interfere. The event has no sooner taken place, than the mother is placed near a large fire, where she remains exposed to the burning heat; and death is often caused by the exposure. Some mysterious idea of purification is associated with this cruel rite.

Shaving the hair-tuft of children is a great family festival; and with it education begins, when the boys are sent to the pagodas to learn reading, writing, and the dogmas of religion from the bonzes, giving personal service in return. Every Siamese passes a portion of his life in the temples, which many never quit. The bonzes attend the deathbed, sprinkling lustral water on the sufferer. The corpse is either cut up and distributed to the birds of prey, vultures and crows, or burnt, according to the orders of the deceased. The former mode is preferred among the Parsees whenever practicable.

Slavery is the condition of a large part of the population ; but the examples of harshness of treatment are few. The greatest number of slaves appear to be *debtors* ; the non-payment of a debt giving a creditor a right to the possession of the body of the debtor, of whose labour he can dispose for payment of interest or extinction of the debt itself. The vassalage of the many, and the domination of the ruling few, are remarkable. The grovelling submission to authority is inconvenient, and ridiculous in its extravagance. No man of inferior rank may lift his head to the level of that of his superior ; no person can cross a bridge if one of higher grade chances to be passing below ; nor walk on a floor above that occupied by his betters, who must be honoured by absolute prostration, and approached, if at all, on the hands and knees. The head of a great man must on no account be gone near ; the crowning tuft of hair being held sacred from all profane touch or contact. Father Bruguière says, that the word *sarenivat*, to reign, means literally, “ to devour the people.” “ It is not said of such and such an officer, that he is governor of such city, but that he *eats* the city ; which has often more truth than poetry in it.” An unnatural protrusion of the left elbow is a mark of gentility ; and persons of high grade are trained to place their arms in this hideous but aristocratic position. In person the Siamese are small and well proportioned, and of an olive tint ; both sexes shave the head, all but the brush-like tuft on the top. The men pluck out their beards by the roots, which gives them an effeminate appearance. Long nails are in much favour ; and the love of jewels and ornaments is universal. They have many superstitions not traceable to Buddhism or Brahminism ; and are great believers in magic, amulets, and talismans.

The legislative system of Siam is traceable in its groundwork to the institution of Menu ; and Bishop Pallegoix, who has made himself master of the codes, speaks favourably of them, and of their adaptation to the national character and wants. They are contained in about seventy manuscript volumes. In practice, the authority of the sovereign is absolute, and the royal will supersedes the ordinary course of justice, which is also to a great extent subject to the influence of the high nobles. Bribery, too, is said to flourish : from the judges down to the lowest clerk, all have their price. In the first place, a complaint is made to the *San Luang*, inferior magistrates, who take it down in writing, and hand it over to the *Luk K'un*, a tribunal whose business it is to examine the complaint after the fashion of a grand jury, and, if they consider it fit for trial, pass it over to the *P'ra Rachanicai*, or

judge, who decides to what department it belongs. The departmental courts are named *K'un San*; and they are charged with the conduct of the case, examining witnesses, receiving bail, and so forth. The judges who preside over these courts are generally very clever men, and the only lawyers in the kingdom. When the case is finished, it is remitted to the Luk K'un for sentence, which is then handed over to other officers—the *P'ra Krai Si*, or *P'ra Krai Lem*—for delivery, and for execution after it has been approved by the king; to whom appeal is allowed against the sentence only, not against the decision. The laws are divided into three sections; the first describing the titles and duties of public functionaries; the second containing the codes of the ancient kings; the third, modern codes, under the several heads of robbers, slaves, conjugal duties, debts and contracts, disputes and lawsuits, inheritance, and generalia. The legal reasons for excluding witnesses are infinite, and must somewhat interfere with the course of justice, unless we assume the standard of morals and the constitution of society to be very different from our own.

“Those shut out by moral impediments are: drunkards, opium-smokers, gamblers, notorious vagabonds, goldsmiths, braziers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, executioners, beggars, potters, dancing-women, women that have been thrice married, adulterers, clerks, orphans, players and tumblers, undutiful children, contemners of religion, slaves, intimate friends and inmates of parties concerned, quacks, strumpets, liars and sorcerers, personal enemies.”

Those excluded by physical causes:

“Virgins and unmarried women, pregnant females, blind and deaf persons, persons above seventy or under seven years of age, persons on their deathbed, persons suffering under loathsome and cutaneous diseases.”

And some others. Also those shut out by intellectual incapacities:

“Persons who cannot read, persons who cannot reckon up to ten, persons ignorant of the law and of the eight cardinal sins (*i. e.* idiots), persons who cannot distinguish right from wrong, persons excluded by mental incapacity from the priesthood, lunatics.”

We have a notion this wonderful list would exclude nearly the whole population of some of our own towns from the witness-box. The result of legal proceedings, however, is pretty much the same every where; for in spite of his favourable mention of the codes, Bishop Pallegoix confesses that “litigated cases generally end in the ruin of both the contending parties.” As to the venality of men in authority, Col. Low says, that

on the death of a minister, the king inherits one-fourth of the property, on the assumption that the public functions can in no instance have been honestly performed. The laws relating to slavery are many in number; there being seven classes of slaves, with various subdivisions, and the position and rights of each are defined with great accuracy. Some portions of the code sound harsh and cruel enough: as, for instance, "Husbands may sell their wives, parents their children, masters their servants;" and again, "when children are sold under their full value, they must not be beaten till they bleed." But it appears, from the evidence of the French missionaries, and other European residents at Bangkok, that they are "well treated in Siam, as well as servants in France," and "better than servants are treated in England." This is *rather* strong; but, as a matter of fact, there seems no reason to doubt that the condition of slavery is divested of some of its most atrocious features by the operation of the Siamese laws, which bear a most favourable comparison with those of the slave-states of America in this respect.

Sir John Bowring devotes four chapters to natural productions, manufactures, commerce, and revenues. These we pass over, in order to glance at the less familiar subjects of language, literature, and religion, in the two first of which our author is quite at home. He does not incline to the opinion, that Siamese is a connecting link between the Chinese, Sanskrit, and Pali, with their derivatives; but considers that it has a distinct type of its own. The roots are few, and all monosyllabic, and generally confined to visible objects; the pitch of the voice, as in Chinese, giving various meanings to the same word. Nouns are undeclinable, verbs cannot be conjugated, auxiliary particles replace cases, moods, and tenses. The best grammar is the one in Latin of Bishop Pallegoix, printed at Bangkok in 1850; and a great dictionary has also been lately published under his care in Paris, at the expense of the government. The exceptions to the essentially monosyllabic character of the language are found almost wholly in foreign words. The number of words of Sanskrit and Pali origin, but accommodated to Siamese pronunciation, increases in proportion to the elevation of style. It is impossible to represent in our characters the tones, six in number, which give a different meaning to words of the same alphabetic form, and which must make the pronunciation very difficult; though, according to the French missionaries, six months' application will enable a person to understand common conversation. These tones are, the abrupt, the short, the long, the high, the low, and the middle; and have been com-

pared to and illustrated by a musical scale. An example will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of the difficulties involved: “*Kháo bok khao và klai krung kao mi khào pen rùb khào mi khào khào mén khao klun mài khào;*” the translation of which is, “It is reported that near the ancient capital there is a horn-shaped mountain with white rice, smelling so disagreeably that it cannot be eaten.” The language is written from left to right. The sacred literature is mostly in the Pali language, and translated into the vernacular, though not written in the common character. The principal collection is the *Trai Pidok*, or “Three Vehicles,” divided into three parts,—rules or regulations, sermons and histories, and philosophy,—contained in four hundred and two separate works, making three thousand six hundred and eighty-three volumes. Of profane literature there are about two thousand volumes. The style is poetical and paraphrastic: river is “mother of waters;” fruit, “child of the tree;” lips, “the light or beauty of the mouth.” An augmentative is made by the use of the word *mother*; a diminutive, by that of *son*. The earliest specimen of the Siamese character is an inscription of about the date of A.D. 1284, at which time it appears to have been introduced from Cambodia, and to have superseded the Sanskrit, which the Brahmins had brought from India. The first known literary work is a book on war and military tactics, written in 1498. Sir John Bowring gives a few specimens of prose and poetry; but they have little intrinsic interest or merit. One or two of the proverbs are amusing: “An elephant, though he has four legs, may slip; and a doctor is not always right. Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you meet a crocodile (Out of the frying-pan into the fire). If a dog bite you, do not bite him again.” Though theatrical representations are common, the Siamese cannot be said to have a drama. Their plays are of the Chinese type,—fragments of history or fable, with music and pantomimical dumb-show.

The religion of the Siamese is a Buddhism, having broad analogies with that of China, Ceylon, and Burmah, and also with Indian Brahminism. The present “first” king, who is certainly a most remarkable person, contends that in Buddhism, properly understood, there is nothing repugnant to the facts established by astronomical and geological science; but his opinions are incompatible with the teachings of the bonzes. The great outline is every where the same: a primary cause, a sort of omnipotent *Repose*, whose original work was the universe, created at a period infinitely remote; the earth a portion of it, on which, from time to time, in the course of millions

of years, an emanation of the great spirituality appears incarnate, the world being always in a state of pregnancy with such emanations. Man passes through countless changes, in a higher or lower order of being, as merited by his virtues or vices, and his ultimate end is absorption, loss of individual sensation, eternal dreamless rest and peace in the great *Repose*. This beatification is represented by Chinese characters, the equivalents of which are, "heaven without thought," or "annihilation of thought is heaven;" and, indeed, active and energetic virtue has no place in any incarnate Buddha, all is passive and contemplative; but it is perfectly clear that there is more than this in the vague dreaming which hangs over the Buddhist futurity. Yet as the aim and end of all religious observances is to become entitled to be lost in this vast infinity, where all personal sensation shall terminate; and as the means of attaining the end, the most exalted stage of mortal virtue, is to anticipate the final consummation by a course of pure contemplation entirely disconnected from all human affairs, Buddhism becomes in practice utterly selfish, and fruitless of all sympathy and benevolence.

"A bonze seems to care nothing about the condition of those who surround him; he makes no effort for their elevation or improvement. He scarcely reproves their sins, or encourages their virtues; he is self-satisfied with his own superior holiness, and would not move his finger to remove any mass of human misery. And yet his influence is boundless, and his person, while invested with the yellow garments, an object of extreme reverence."

The European name, *talapoin*, given to the bonze, or priest, is probably derived from their habit of carrying a fan called *talapat*, meaning 'palm-leaf;' but the Siamese name is *Phra*, 'great, sacred, distinguished.' The bonzes generally live in convents attached to the temples, and their whole number exceeds a hundred thousand. Their clothing is all yellow, the colour of the most precious metal. At some period in his life, every male Siamese becomes a candidate for the priesthood, and on being admitted as a novice, must remain at least three months in the monastery; after which he may, if he will, resume the secular dress. Many remain a year or two, and then marry; but the ancient institutions of Buddhism allow no abandonment of the vow of celibacy. The high priest of the *Phra*, the *Sangkarat*, or King of the Cenobites, is appointed by the king, and his authority is supreme. He reports to the king in religious matters, and presides over the assemblies of the priests. Sir John Bowring quotes the maxims of the sacerdotal order, as translated from the Siamese

by Père Lonbère, since whose time, in all probability, no change has taken place. They inculcate a high morality; but a grain of sense is smothered in a bushel of the most absurd chaff. We give a few examples.

“It is a sin to walk in the streets in a non-contemplative mood.

It is a sin to appear as austere as a priest of the woods—to seem more strict than other priests—to meditate for the sake of being seen—to act differently in public from in private.

When you eat, make no noise like dogs—chibi, chibi, chiabi, chiabi.

To cough or sneeze, in order to win the notice of a group of girls seated, is a sin.

A priest sins who in eating slobbers his mouth like a little child.

A priest who whistles for his amusement sins.”

It seems, however, that notwithstanding the precepts protective of personal purity, the paintings in the temples are often of a very licentious and libidinous character.

We have no space to notice Sir John Bowring's account of the earlier missions to Siam, further than to remark, that it is given altogether with a candour and fairness extremely rare among Protestant writers, and with something like a true appreciation of the real value of the labours and sufferings of the apostolic men who, since the days of St. Francis Xavier, have held aloft the banner of the Cross throughout the Eastern Archipelago. The present number of Catholics in Siam and its dependencies is stated to be between seven and eight thousand. “The *personel* of the mission consists of the bishop (Monseigneur Pallegoix), a pro-vicar, eight European missionaries, four native priests, thirty students, four convents occupied by twenty-five nuns, five schoolmasters for boys, fifteen catechists (mostly Chinese).” The Siamese converts form by far the smallest portion of the Catholic population. Persecution there is none; but the obstacles to conversion are represented as formidable, the chief being the universality of polygamy, the education of the youth in the pagodas, the fear of political invasions, *especially of the British*, and the absence of consular protection. The two last will be materially lessened by the treaties now concluded with the king; but the two former must remain in full force until the social organisation of the whole people becomes modified. Added to this, we conceive that the characteristic indolence of temperament of the Siamese—an indolence fostered by the geniality of their climate and the lavish fertility of their soil—is a great hindrance to the discussion of *any* religious topic in a practical spirit. The dreamy mysticism which pervades the Buddhist

teachings is enough to satisfy their religious instincts. They are far from being indisposed to discuss religious questions, but it is in a spirit of idle curiosity; and the result in general terms is, "Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers; and we find various religions suited to various nations."

The Chinese make the best converts. The Bishop says, "They are the most active and industrious; they succeed in all the departments of trade." All have great enjoyment in the ceremonies of the Church,—in music, pictures, and processions. An American Protestant mission was established twenty-seven years ago; some of the ministers dispensing medicines, others preaching, or keeping little schools which "do not prosper." They have four presses in activity, and disperse their Bibles with great energy; but in the twenty-seven years they have not, so Bishop Pallegoix has been assured, baptised twenty-seven persons. "The Siamese cannot persuade themselves that one can be a priest and a married man. Thus they never call them Phra (or priest), but Khru (master), or Mó (doctor). Besides, the six families of ministers are divided into three sects, which is not likely to inspire confidence." In the hope of inflaming, be it ever so little, the subscriptions of some of our readers to one of the noblest charities in the world, we subjoin a little account of the distribution of 20,000 francs, allotted by the Propaganda to the Siamese mission:

The vicar-apostolic . . .	£52 per annum.
Nine missionaries, 26 <i>l.</i> each . . .	234 „
Subsidy to native priests . . .	40 „
„ to the nuns . . .	40 „
Expenses of seminary . . .	160 „
Fifteen catechists, 8 <i>l.</i> each . . .	120 „
Printing . . .	40 „
Mission barges . . .	32 „
Chaplets, crucifixes, &c. . .	28 „
	<hr/>
	£746

And this is diminished *one-fourth* by the state of the exchange. Surely this is economy with a vengeance! A bishop at fifteen shillings per week, and priests at seven shillings and sixpence! Well may Sir John Bowring tell us, "The Catholic missionaries in Siam wear the common cassock, and live with great simplicity—without bread or wine (except on very special occasions)." Why, Sydney Smith's "least among bishops,"

even "Sodor and Man," would cut up into four slices, each as big as the good vicar-apostolic and his entire staff of clergy, nuns, catechists, and students. Positively they must want a little more weight to attach them to the earth at all, to prevent the tropical sun from drawing them up bodily into the blue sky. To be sure, the balance will be struck some day; and we dare say they can afford to wait.

We must not conclude without referring to the present kings of Siam, both first and second. Their grandfather, the founder of the dynasty, was a successful general, and was called to the throne in a time of popular commotion. He was succeeded by his son, who died in 1824, leaving many children, but only two by his queen; these two are the present kings. Their elder brother, the son of an inferior wife, managed to get the crown conferred on him; and Chau Fa Yai, now first king, availing himself of Siamese custom, withdrew from all contests into a temple, thus avoiding the necessity of doing homage. There he remained twenty-seven years, acquiring a great religious reputation, became a great Pali scholar, and learned Sanskrit, Cingalese, and Peguan. He also commenced reformer, endeavouring to purify Buddhism from fable, clinging to its moral institutions, but accepting the principles of sound natural philosophy and a rational cosmogony. He was taught Latin, chiefly by the bishop, and English by the American missionaries. He has a considerable acquaintance with physical science, and can calculate an eclipse or an occultation, and has introduced a press, with both Siamese and English types. His conversation is highly intelligent; but is carried on in the language of books rather than in ordinary colloquy. On the death of his elder brother, in 1851, he was called to the throne; and left the seclusion of the temple, where, as a bonze, he had religiously kept the vow of chastity, for the glittering splendours of the palace. Personally, we fear, he is an unlikely subject for conversion; the mixture of Buddhist morals and modern philosophy is any thing but hopeful; but, as far as others are concerned, his toleration is extreme. "Persecution is hateful," he said, in a conversation reported by Bishop Pallegoix; "every man ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers. If you convert a certain number of people any where, let me know when you have done so; and I will give them a Christian governor, and they shall not be annoyed by the Siamese authorities."

The "second king" is a peculiar institution of the Siamese; but Sir John Bowring does not seem to have been able to ascertain the precise function and limits of the office.

He is not charged, as in Japan, with the religious functions of government, but exercises a sort of secondary or reflected authority. He has the same royal insignia as the first king, corresponding ministers, and is supposed to take a more active part in wars. He is consulted in all important affairs, and signed the powers which were given to the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of commerce with the British envoy; but he does not appear to take the initiative, and his demands on the exchequer must be submitted to the first king for approval. The present holder of the office is the probable successor of his brother, should he survive him, and will, perhaps, carry Western ideas, in such an event, to even a greater length. Sir John found him "a cultivated and intelligent gentleman, writing and speaking English with great accuracy, and living much in the style of a courteous and opulent European noble, fond of books and scientific inquiry, interested in all that marks the course of civilisation."

In his second volume, as we have already mentioned, our author records the proceedings of the various attempts which have been made to establish diplomatic and commercial relations with Siam by Western nations, concluding them by the personal narrative of his own successful mission. In an appendix, he gives a brief history of Siam, with documents, translations, letters of the present king, and other matters, not the least interesting being the history of Constance Phaulcon, otherwise Constantine Falcon, the adventurous Cephalonian, who became minister to the King of Siam in the latter part of the 17th century, and by whose advice the expedition of M. de Chaumont and the Jesuit Fathers was despatched from France by order of the *Grand Monarque* in 1685. This is translated from *L'Histoire de M. Constance*, par le Père d'Orléans, a Jesuit, which was printed at Tours in 1690.

But our space is exhausted, and we have only to repeat, that Sir John Bowring's book is well worth the steady perusal to which we now very sincerely recommend it.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Genius of Christianity; or, the Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion. By Chateaubriand. Translated by C. J. White, D.D. (Baltimore: Murphy). We are glad to see that this careful translation of Chateaubriand's great work has attained the honours of a second edition. The book is very handsomely got up, and is well adapted for

lending to persons whose prejudices require a solvent. To Catholics the work is hardly up to the requirements of the time. Besides being somewhat stale,—for it has been for nearly half-a-century the great storehouse of our journalists, and we are all well acquainted with it, though we have never turned a page of it,—there is this other fact, that it was written against sceptics and infidels; and that the Christianity whose beauty it enlarges upon was one that comprehended Milton and Bacon, Newton and Leibnitz, besides Dante and St. Thomas. Moreover, it appeals to the feelings and imagination rather than the reason. Still, it is doubtless a great and classical work, and well worthy of the pains of the translator.

A Discussion of the Question, whether the Catholic or the Presbyterian Religion is in Doctrines and Principles inimical to Civil and Religious Liberty. By the Rev. John Hughes and John Breckinridge. (Baltimore: Murphy.) This discussion, which was held more than twenty years ago, had a great effect in America, and is still read there with interest. To our minds, a discussion in which our advocate has to follow so very eccentric and abusive an individual as Mr. Breckinridge is simply tedious. Dr. Hughes was never allowed to enter profoundly into his subject, but was always obliged by his adversary to discuss questions merely preliminary, often personal. It constitutes, however, a very satisfactory show-up of an American champion of popular Protestantism.

Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry. By B. Sestini, S.J. (Baltimore: Murphy). A most compressed and comprehensive treatise, very suitable for those who have but little time to give to this study, and have both power and will to make the most of that little. The system of the writer is admirably clear.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—As an inconspicuous unit of the great natural order *Scribleri* (*gen. irritabilis, trivial name, penny-a-liner*) whose humble notice of Dr. Hassall's *Adulterations Detected* you were so kind as to embalm in the pages of your last Number, permit me to correct an error or two into which the printer has fallen, no doubt in the excitement of the (then) anticipated general election. At the beginning of page 315, I am made to say that certain individuals were submitted to the *prowess* of Mr. Thackeray. Now I admit that Mr. Thackeray (who is all the better, I trust, after his penitential exercises during Holy Week at the Surrey Gardens, in company with four Georges,—not, I think, including the saint of that name) is more than a match for any philosophical Tom Cribb or Tipton Slasher in existence as a hard hitter; but I am not aware that poor Rosa Timmins's guests were subjected to any physical force at his hands. That they were submitted to his incomparable *process* of analysis is the figure of speech that should have been conveyed to the public eye.

Again, lower down in the same page, I find myself stating that certain salad is *sown* with free sulphuric acid. Truly in any case that corrosive poison would be more free than welcome; but the use in question would hardly constitute an adulteration; so, with all deference, I should prefer the word as I wrote it, viz. "sour," which you will observe is more in accordance with common sense.

While on the subject of errata, I venture further to request information why, on the opposite page, 314, M. Doré's print, No. 11, "A South-American Valley," is emphasised by *italics*. If it had been a scene in Calabria, the national characters might have been appropriate; but as it is, the other prints have reason to complain of so invidious a distinction.

Trusting that by this time the *Rambler* staff is in a condition to resume its wonted habit of accuracy, I beg to remain, sir,

Your humble servant to command,

F. C.

MR. BOWYER ON THE PAPAL STATES.

MR. BOWYER has written us a letter, which we subjoin, in which he takes to himself, and attempts to reply to, some remarks which we made in a recent article, on the injudicious manner in which some writers defend Catholic interests. To this we can have no objection; but we do not see why he should have appended certain remarks about ourselves, not conceived in as courteous a tone as he would have used in writing to the *Times*, or any other Protestant paper. We are not aware that Mr. Bowyer has any right to censure us in our own columns, especially as it is pretty evident—profoundly mortifying as we feel it to be—that he is not in the habit of reading the *Rambler*; for otherwise he could not have formed such an opinion as he has expressed of our principles and motives.

Mr. Bowyer, however, as we have said, makes an attempt at a reply to our criticisms on his speech, in which he presented certain figures to the House of Commons, by way of showing that the Papal States were not practically governed by ecclesiastics. This reply consists in the statement that in *one* department, and that of an inferior kind, namely, the Post-Office, the head of the department is a recognised layman! Besides this, the council of finance, not the president, is composed of laymen; and the lawyers who sit as judges in the courts are sometimes all, and sometimes partly, laymen. In two or three other offices of a high character, so completely is it understood in Rome itself that they are the appropriate possession of ecclesiastics, that when, as now, they are held by laymen, these laymen have to wear the ecclesiastical dress. On all which remarks we have only to remind Mr. Bowyer that we particularly stated that the higher offices were *not* exclusively held by ecclesiastics; and that the notion of proving that the Papal States are not, *as a kingdom*, governed by ecclesiastics, by showing that the judges are generally lawyers, is a specimen of special pleading which none but a lawyer would have thought of. Who ever supposed, or alleged, the reverse? In fact, Mr. Bowyer's details just serve to establish our argument; and we can only conclude that he is as injudicious an advocate in his own case as he is in the case of the Roman government.

We repeat, then, what we said originally, that it is a mere shirking of the gist of the question, to pretend that the government of the Papal States is not, *as a government*, in the hands of churchmen. The only valid answer to the objections of Protestants is, to defend that state of things as the best possible state under the circumstances. We ourselves entertain no doubt whatsoever that the Papal States are in a much better condition than they would be if the supreme management of the nation were in the hands of persons like the Roman nobility, and professional and mercantile men. It is notorious that the laymen of the pontifical kingdom are a class of persons extremely inferior to the corresponding classes in this country; and every one who knows what is the

real state of affairs there, is aware that for integrity, self-control, and general capacity for government, the result of any comparison is strongly in favour of the ecclesiastics. We do not pretend to say that a government of ecclesiastics has not its own peculiar character, which in some points may be a defective one; but it is undeniable that it has also its peculiar merits. Among others,—which ought to go for something with Englishmen,—it is a very cheap government. It may be a “slow” government; but against that may be urged the fact, that not even Italian scandal, savage and unscrupulous as it is, ventures to impute any thing like a life unbecoming a Christian to any single member of the conclave; and that a body of men more inaccessible to vulgar pecuniary corruption cannot be found in the world. And as to the Pope himself, how many wiser and more reforming sovereigns are there in existence at this moment in any part of the civilised world?

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a reference, in your thirty-ninth Number, p. 177, to a speech of mine in the House of Commons; and I beg to say that you have (of course unintentionally) misrepresented my argument. I never admitted that ecclesiastics are unfit to govern. I, as you do, cited Ximenes, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Wolsey, to prove the direct contrary to that proposition. But I asserted that, though the government of the Roman States is ecclesiastical, it does not deprive the laity of a fair and liberal share in the power and emoluments of office. You, however, proceed to say that my figures are worth nothing, because you assume that the laity only hold inferior offices. This assumption is contrary to fact. Thus, the Council of Finance is entirely composed of laymen, except the president, Cardinal Savelli, who is a deacon. The present Minister of Finance happens to be a prelate in minor orders; but his predecessor, the Commendator Galli, was a layman. The Postmaster-General is a layman,—a Roman prince. In the Supreme Court of Segnatura eight judges are laymen, and nine ecclesiastics; in the Rota seven judges are laymen; in the Supreme Criminal Court, the Consulta, thirty-seven judges are laymen; in the Criminal Court all are laymen. These are high and important places; and it would be easy to multiply instances. Again, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Police, and the Substitute of the Cardinal Secretary of State, though they wear the ecclesiastical habit, are not even in minor orders; and are at liberty to marry whenever they choose, as Monsignor Spada did, who now, as Count Spada, holds high office. These facts are a sufficient answer to your arguments against what I thought it my duty to say in the House.

I will only add, that though you are no doubt actuated by good intentions, it is unfortunate and strange to see a Catholic periodical trying to weaken and counteract the efforts of a Catholic member who, to the best of his ability, defends the Holy See in a Protestant parliament. I am at a loss to discover what object you can have in view. You show ingenuity and cleverness in striking out new notions, and picking holes in the arguments and works of other Catholics. What good can that do to the Church? It seems to me that we ought to avoid disunion and strife among ourselves, and endeavour to support and encourage each other in the service of the Catholic Church, and in defending the Holy See.

I request that you will have the kindness to publish this letter.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE BOWYER.

Bilton Grange, 24th March, 1857.